★ July 10, 1943

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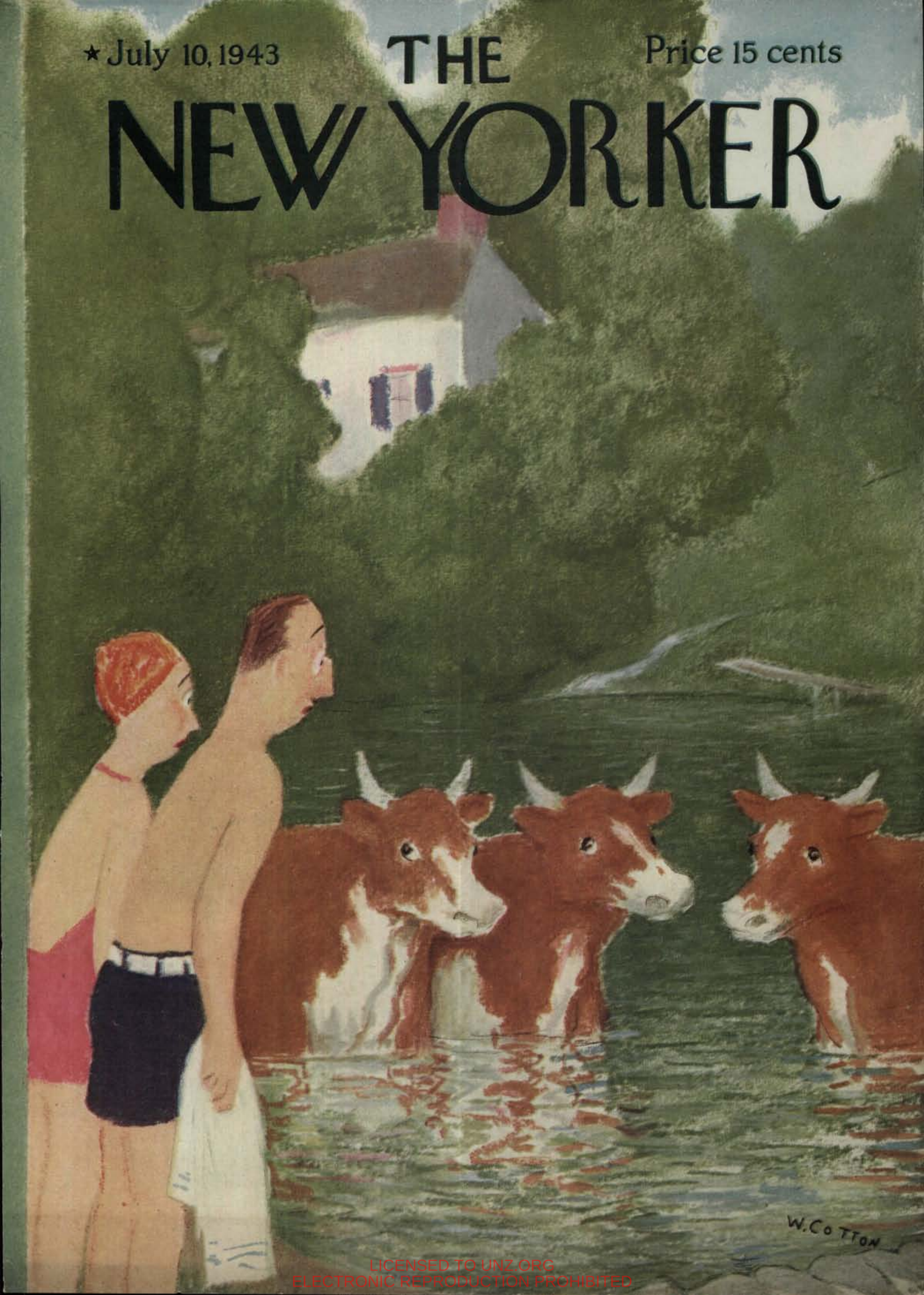
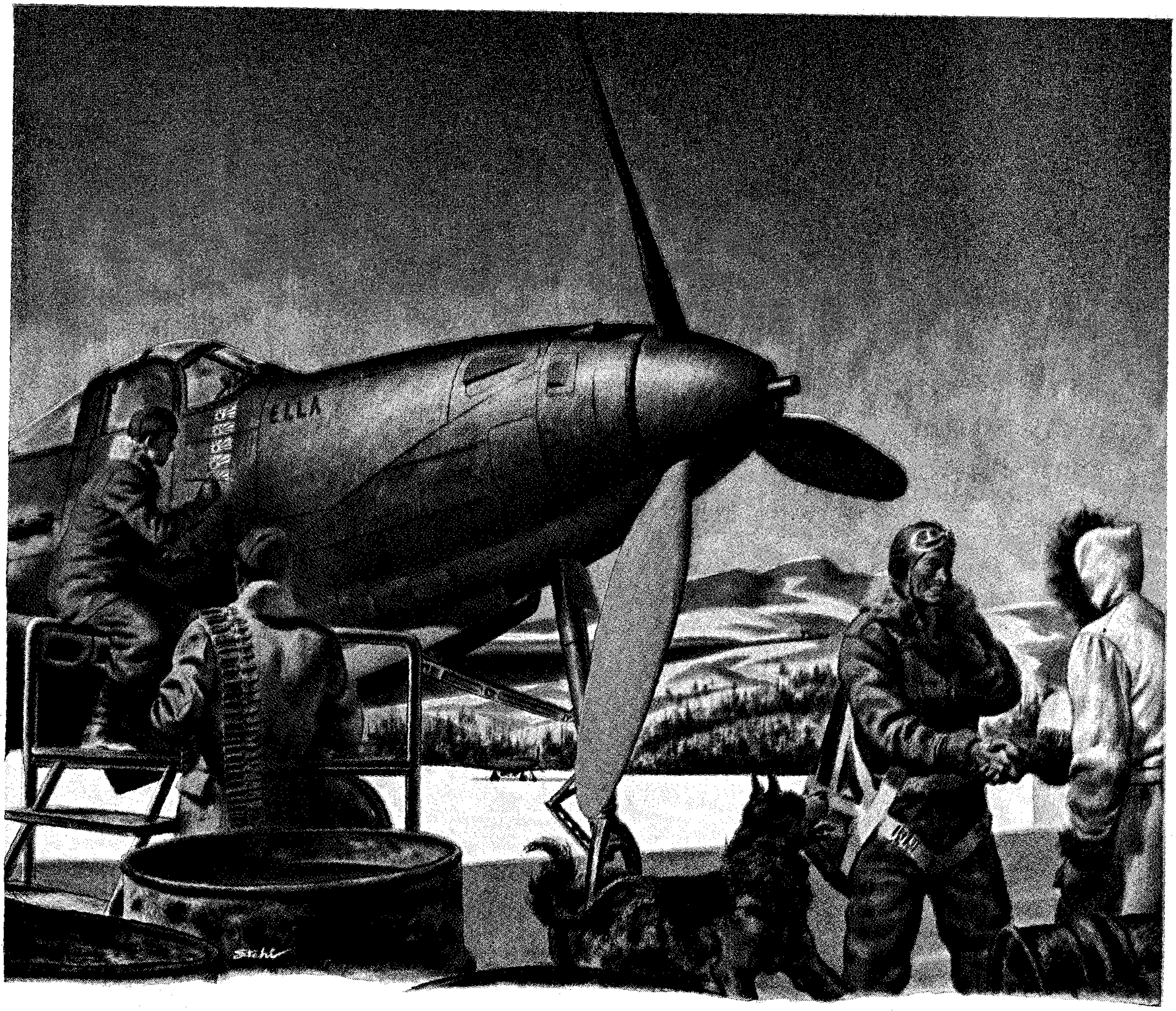
THE NEW YORKER





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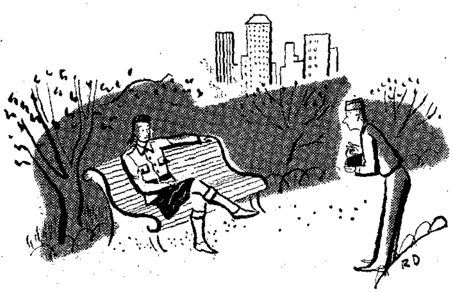
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 17.



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 10.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. Elena Miramova and Tamara Geva play in it, and Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except July 8, and Sat. at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon as a demon little girl. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of our Teeth—Miriam Hopkins has replaced Tallulah Bankhead in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winner. Conrad Nagel and Viola Frayne are taking the parts formerly played by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Those Endearing Young Charms—Edward Chodorov digs up the old problem about whether a girl should give herself to a soldier. Zachary Scott and Virginia Gilmore conduct most of the debate. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable as the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Something about some people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and almost as elementary as it sounds. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it, and there is Fats Waller's characteristic music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Allen Jenkins, Betty Bruce, and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—A blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin," and just as strange. Olsen and Johnson have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Somewhat rowdy, but stimulating. Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee, who head the cast, will be replaced on Mon., July 12, by Professor Lamberti and Bea Mathews. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except July 8, and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—A revival of the old operetta. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, and Sigmund Romberg are all names you ought to remember if you don't. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

The Vagabond King—Another operetta revival, this one with John Brownlee, and with music by Rudolf Friml. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast that includes Arthur Treacher and Nadine Gae. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

MISCELLANY

Spangles—A one-ring circus that is certainly less bewildering than the big ones and probably just as much fun. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15.)

Stars on Ice—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof. but it has a refreshing greenwood air just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue surrounded by ferns and fountains. Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has settled down here, and there's also the Golden Gate Quartet, dances by Beatrice and Evelyne Kraft, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Strictly Manhattan palm trees and a show headed by Willie and Eugene Howard; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of at a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A handsome spot with a small show, Dick Gasparre's orchestra, and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Fred and Elaine Barry and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Maurice and Cordoba and Larry Siry's orchestra.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this charming room.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra is on the Starlight Roof, where Morton Downey helps entertain the after-theatre trade. Mischa Borr's orchestra is also on hand late in the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with a number of competent performers. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a gay, but restful, place, with the Revuers, the Leonard Ware Trio, and several more. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): right on top of an office building, with Spivy herself singing those hearty songs. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm heads a small show, and there are always the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Charles Weidman; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Algerian might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **riobamba**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): Martin Reid's orchestra, Nora Morales' rumba band, and a show. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra will be replaced by Johnny Long's on Thurs., July 15; the ice show will stay on. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33

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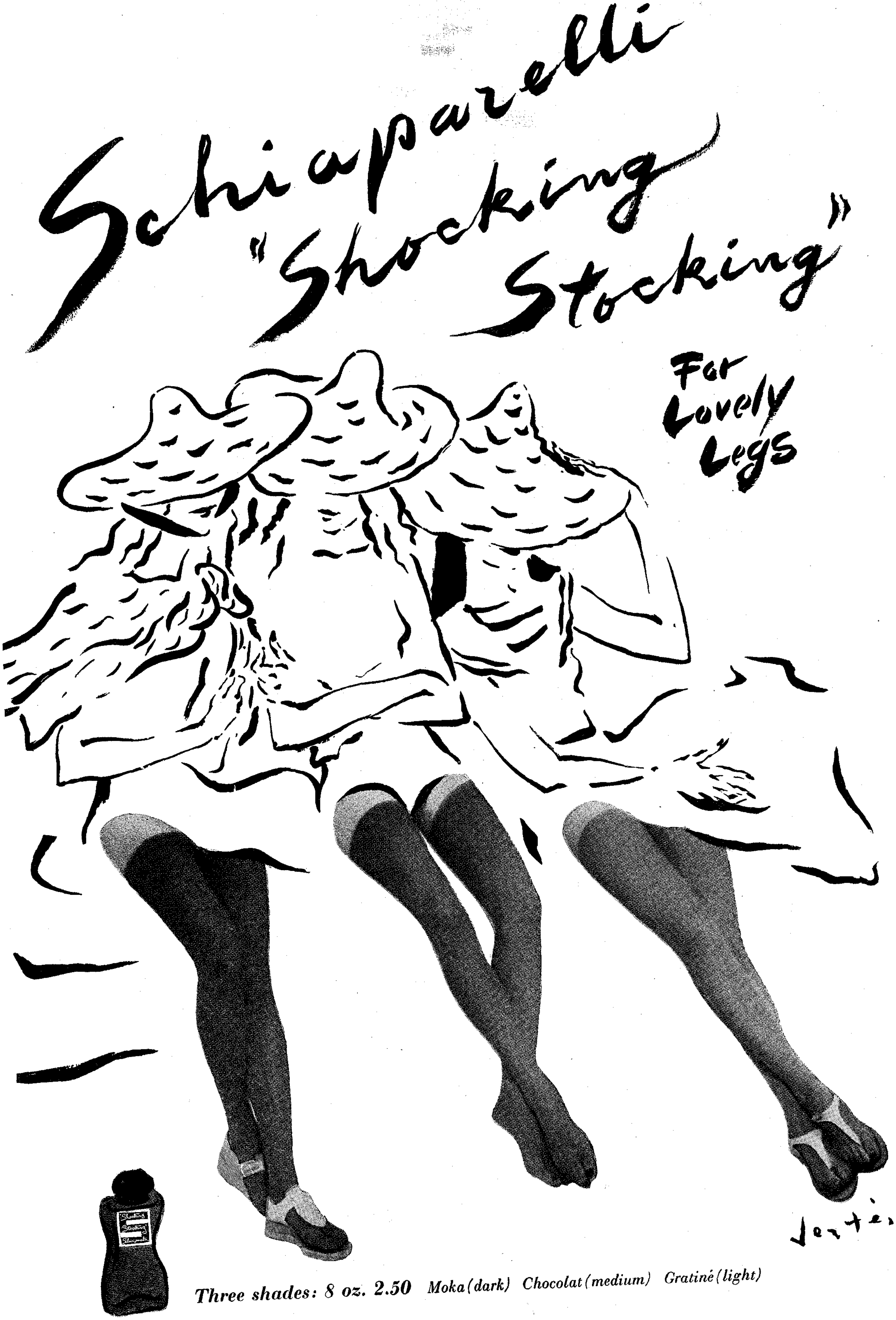
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 17.

(PE 6-5000): Will Osborne's orchestra.... ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, with folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter. ... JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know.... DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new Billy Rose revue, this one about the future instead of the past.... LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): among the many entertainers here are the Christiani Family and Georgie Price.... FOLIES BERGÈRE, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big revues with lots and lots of girls.... LA CONGA, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting.... HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

Mostly for Music—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Frankie Newton's orchestra and dances by Pearl Primus.... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. ... ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the Cozy Cole Trio is here, and so is Billie Holiday.... FAMOUS DOOR, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Hot Lips Page and his band are the attraction at this one.... KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio.

Al-Fresco—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evening. ... MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden.... CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Lovis Corinth—A retrospective show of paintings, drawings, water colors, and lithographs by a German Expressionist who died in 1925: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Sat., July 17.

East and West—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Thurs., July 15.

Modern European and American—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: paintings by eight moderns, including André de Segonzac, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and André Derain. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 17.... PERLS, 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose work has been shown at this gallery during the past season. Tues. through Thurs., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 29.... MATISSE, 41 E. 57: oils, gouaches, and drawings by modern artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 30.

French—At the NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: eighteen paintings, never before shown, by Arbit Blatas, Raoul Dufy, Maurice Vlaminck, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 30.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings of summer scenes by Boucher, Fragonard, Renoir, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 7.

Greco-American—Paintings and sculptures by Jean Xceron, George Constant, Michael Lekakis, and other artists of Greek descent; a benefit for the Greek War Relief Association: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., July 15.

Groups—At the AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by about fifty contemporary artists, mostly American. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 9.... ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and oils by Thomas Benton, Aaron Bohrod, Georges Schreiber, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.... ARTIST ASSOCIATES, 138 W. 15: paintings by members of a large group which includes Moses Soyer, Chuzo Tamotzu, Helen Ratkai, and Eitaro Ishigaki. Mon. and Thurs., 2 to 10 P.M.; other days, 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 20.... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: annual retrospective show of works by members of the gallery. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 23.... BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.... MILCH, 108 W. 57: works by Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Sidney Laufman, and others in this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.... REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: paintings by Eugene Speicher, Alexander Brook, Charles Burchfield, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 30.... BONESTELL, 18 E. 57: works by eight painters, including Hans Moller, Ben-Zion, and Earl Kerkam. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Fri., July 16.... KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57: annual summer show by Louis Bosa, Eugene Higgins, Jon Corbino, and other artists associated with the gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 15); also, an exhibit of works in all media by contemporary Chilean artists, arranged by the Toledo Museum of Art (through July 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Thirty oils by Morris Hirshfield, the self-taught resident of Brooklyn who started painting at the age of sixty-five. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 1.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., July 14.

Here and There—At the CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: oils and water colors by Stephen Csoka, Harry Dix, Briggs Dyer, and others. Mon. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 8:30 to 10:30 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., July 15.... MACBETH, 11 E. 57: Patsy Santo, Joseph De Martini, and others exhibit paintings and water colors. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 30.... KOHN, 608 5 Ave., at 49: oils and water colors by Xavier Gonzalez. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 16.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Conductors: Robert Stolz, Thurs., July 8; Alexander Smallens, Fri. through Sun., July 9-11, and Tues. through Fri., July 13-16; José Iturbi, Mon., July 12; Lorin Maazel, Sat., July 17.... Highlights: Jan Peerce and Jean Tennyson, July 8; Bronislaw Huberman, July 10; Argentinita and Pilar Lopez, July 12; Teresa Sterne, July 14; Gladys Swarthout in "Carmen," July 15 and 16. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138, AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—The League of Composers sponsoring a program by choruses of Russia, China, Africa, Puerto Rico, and the United States: Tues., July 13, at 8:30 P.M.... City Amateur Symphony, Judge Leopold Prince conducting, Sat., July 10 and 17, at 8:30 P.M.... Goldman Band: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. at 8:30 P.M.

OPERA

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Fri., July 9, at 2:30 P.M., Sat., July 10 (double-header), at 1:30 P.M., and Sun., July 11 (double-header), at 2 P.M.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., July 16-17, at 2:30 P.M.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., July 8, at 5:30 P.M., Fri. and Sat., July 9-10, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 11 (double-header), at 2 P.M.

Golf—Long Island G.A. Pro Man and Lady Tournament (a U.S.O. benefit), Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, Sun., July 11.

Racing—Empire City Meeting, at Jamaica, weekdays at 1:45 P.M., through July 24. (The Butler, July 10.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station daily between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

Yachting—Championship race on the Sound: Indian Harbor Y.C., Sun., July 11, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., through Aug. 31.... MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane in the war and after it, as shown by maps, globes, models, photo-murals, and other graphic material (through Oct. 17); also, photographs by Eliot Elisofon of the American invasion of North Africa, from the landing to the fall of Cap Bon (through Sun., July 11). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.... MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an exhibit, sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, of photo-murals, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15.... FREEDOM HOUSE, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 31.

On the Air—"This Is Official," wartime information from members of government bureaus, Sun. Afts. at 1, WJZ.... Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR.... Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., July 11, at 3 P.M., WABC.... Stadium Concerts, Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30, WNYC.... Racing: The Butler, from Jamaica, Sat., July 10, at 4:15 P.M., WEAF, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri at 7 P.M., WQXR; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs., at 10 P.M., WJZ.... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Mon. and Thurs., at 10 P.M., WOR, and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Action in the North Atlantic—A handsome bouquet for the Merchant Marine, with Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., July 14.)

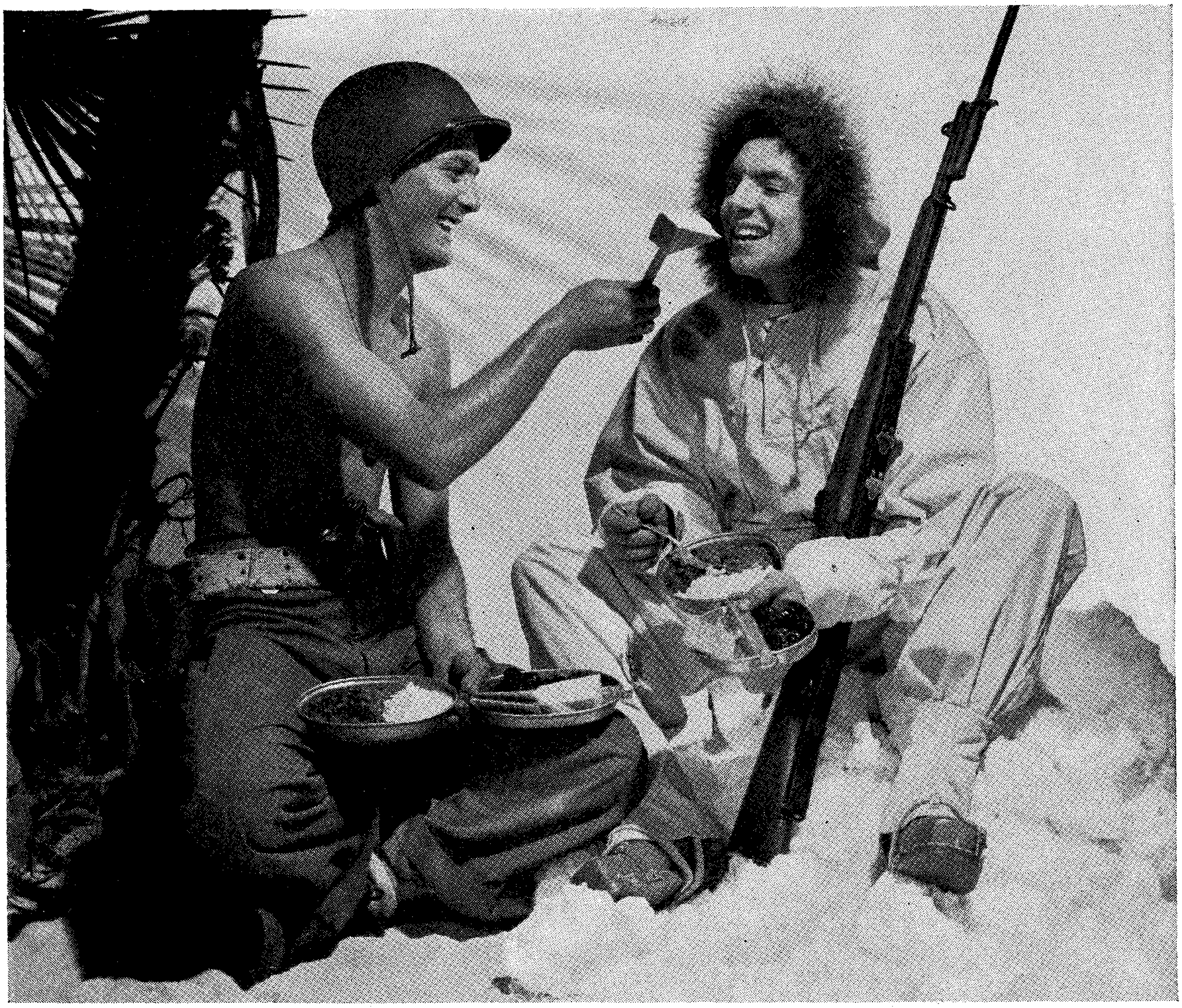
Edge of Darkness—Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, and other citizens of a Norwegian town make life hell for the Germans but fairly enjoyable for the audience. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., July 8.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sat., July 10. ... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., July 10-12.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., July 14-17.)

Five Graves to Cairo—A lively, if improbable, account of the eviction of the Germans from Egypt, notable for Erich von Stroheim's all-out performance as Rommel. There's also Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Akim Tamiroff. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., July 10. ... Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., July 12.)

Hangmen Also Die—Fancy guesswork as to what may have happened when Heydrich was assassinated in Czechoslovakia. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., July 8.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 9.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sat., July 10.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; tentative, Mon. through Wed., July 12-14.... Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., July 14-16.)

The Human Comedy—William Saroyan's disregard of form turns out very nicely in the movies, although his heavy optimism doesn't always. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and Jack Jenkins. (Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 14.... Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Fri. through Wed., July 9-14.)

Mission to Moscow—The case for Russia is pre-



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

For jungle or ski troops—a new kind of cheese!

Troops are carefully conditioned for the kind of country in which they will fight. *But that's not so easy to do with the food that keeps them fighting!*

One package of food from the production line may fry in a tank on hot desert sands — while the next freezes on a sled in Alaskan snows. But they should taste the *same* — and taste *good* — wherever they're eaten.

That has meant many headaches for the Army Quartermaster Corps and the food processors who supply them. But they've been cured, repeatedly, by American ingenuity. And National Dairy scientists have helped.

Cheese is a good example. For emergency use in arctic and tropics, National Dairy laboratories developed a dehydrated, compressed cheese that keeps well anywhere and takes less shipping weight and space. Selected American Cheddar Cheese is processed and dried into fluffy, golden powder — then pressed into compact, convenient cakes as emergency rations that can be eaten *three* ways.

When guns are hot and time is short, the cheese ration can be eaten as is — like a candy bar. Or it can be mixed with water to make a tasty spread for bread. Or the mixture can be set aside for an hour or so and then sliced.

Best of all, this versatile cheese bar is rich in the nutrition of milk — nature's finest food—high in protein, and full of the energy fighting men need. And it's only *one* development of National Dairy research. We are working on others that we hope will play a part in ending the war and enriching the peace.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

ON JULY 14th

Rosette Reine

formerly of

La Reine d'Angleterre

Paris

will open her

New York Salons

hats and furs

perfumes

and special cosmetics

If you liked to shop in Paris —or would have liked to— you surely will find shopping at Reine exciting . . . and worth while.

4 East 57th St., New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 17.

sented with a great deal of ineptitude in this screening of Mr. Davies' book. but it's a strong-enough case to stand up by itself. Walter Huston, Oscar Homolka, and Ann Harding play some of the important people involved. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Moon Is Down—Nunnally Johnson has done very well by John Steinbeck's play, with the help of Henry Travers, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Dorris Bowden. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 9-10.)

The More the Merrier—Comedy in the cramped quarters of Washington, involving Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., July 14.)

This Land Is Mine—Just about the definitive picture of life in an occupied country, with Charles Laughton, Walter Slezak, Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders, and Kent Smith. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., July 12. . . . R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., July 14.)

The Young Mr. Pitt—England under Pitt the Younger, with some splendid rhetoric by Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., July 9.)

REVIVALS

Ball of Fire (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 9-12.)

Confessions of a Cheat (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," now with English narrative. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., July 8.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 13-15.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in the René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 8.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—The Welsh miners and their lives and troubles. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., July 9.)

Reap the Wild Wind (1942)—A Cecil B. De Mille treatise, in Technicolor, about the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs., July 8. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 13-15. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. through Fri., July 13-16.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Susan and God (1940)—Joan Crawford as Rachel Crothers' upper-crust lady who gets religion. With Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 9-12.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THROUGH SAT., JULY 10:** four educational films on various subjects. **SUN. THROUGH SAT., JULY 11-17:** three short factual films about the two Americas.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Although thousands of volunteer workers signed up with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office during its recent recruiting campaign, there is still an urgent need for many more men and women to fill emergency jobs. The Manhattan headquarters of the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), is prepared to assign residents of this borough to wartime tasks and can also help people sign up with the Red Cross. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing, salvage, and other wartime matters; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week or more as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs in war agencies.

Salvage—One of the most urgent needs right now is for kitchen fat, which is used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Rubber is no longer wanted for salvage, but the government is still asking civilians to save and turn in rags and tin cans and other scrap metal. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . To facilitate handling, it is best to flatten tin cans after washing them, cutting out both ends, and removing the labels. Your building superintendent will see that they reach the proper authorities.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are needed for making parachutes and gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

Suburbs and Country—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. Rural defense units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any at all. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is Model II, with a 30 or 32.5 mm. or 3.75 cm. Zeiss Tessar *f*2.8 lens. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-6800, Ext. 190). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. During the month of July, all police and fire stations are serving as collection centres. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will call for and distribute any phonographs and records, radios, playing cards, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. Cigarettes, of course, can always be used. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be remade into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

TIMES
RIVERSI

ROLL ME IN A TURKISH TOWEL

AND CALL ME JANE IRWILL!

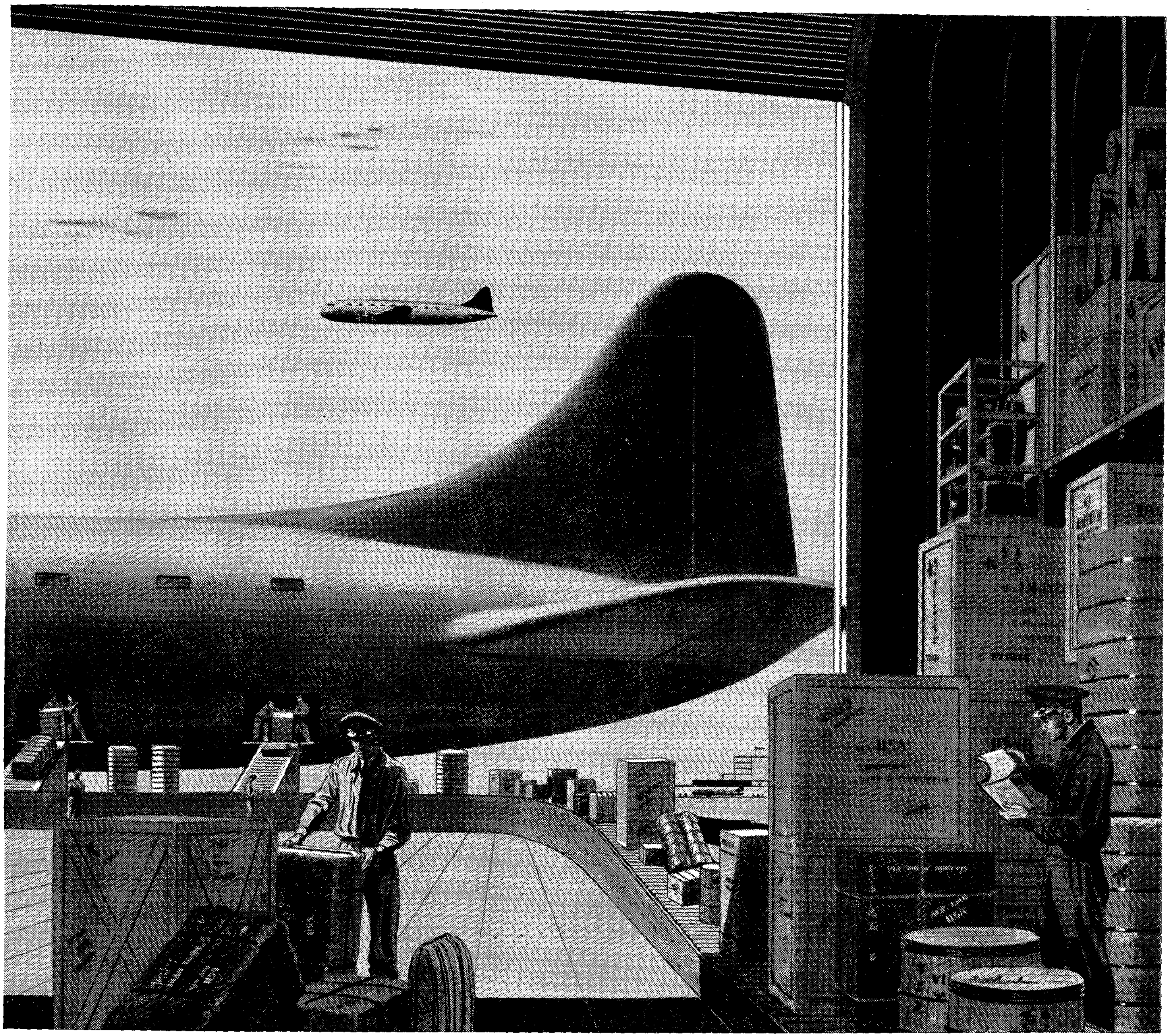
Yes, we've always told purchasers how to take care of their JANE IRWILLS. *It's a good conservation point—and it pays dividends too. Women tell us every day of* JANE IRWILL *sweaters that have lasted years and years—and that they deserve some such decoration as the:* ORDER OF THE BATH

JANE IRWILLS—*designed to be lived in—are a discovery to those who've never worn them—and a friend for years to those who do.*

JANE IRWILL *sweaters—designed to be lived in**

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

1372 BROADWAY Jane Irwill NEW YORK, N. Y.



Trade Ships in the *Age of Flight*

Regular scheduled passenger, mail and express Mainliners flying over the Main Line Airway carry out only one of United's wartime jobs. Other United planes are flying routes in this country and to nations beyond on strictly military missions. They are helping to pave the way for a new era of vastly expanded aviation—the Age of Flight.

• • •

PRECIOUS cargoes borne by clipper ships of old will seem insignificant compared with those of the Age of Flight. For many trade ships of the future will be giant airplanes which know no geographical barriers. They will ply routes, not only all over the world, but between principal cities in this country as well.

Fast and flexible, one of the airplane's thousandfold jobs will be to carry the world's most priceless materials and merchandise . . . things so valuable or so urgently needed that they will go by air.

Along with many regular kinds of cargo, vital shipments of precious metals will fly. Expensive perishables which cannot endure long, slow voyages will be sent by plane. The needs of emergencies and disasters will be met with airplane shipments of medicines, serums, food and replacement machinery and equipment.

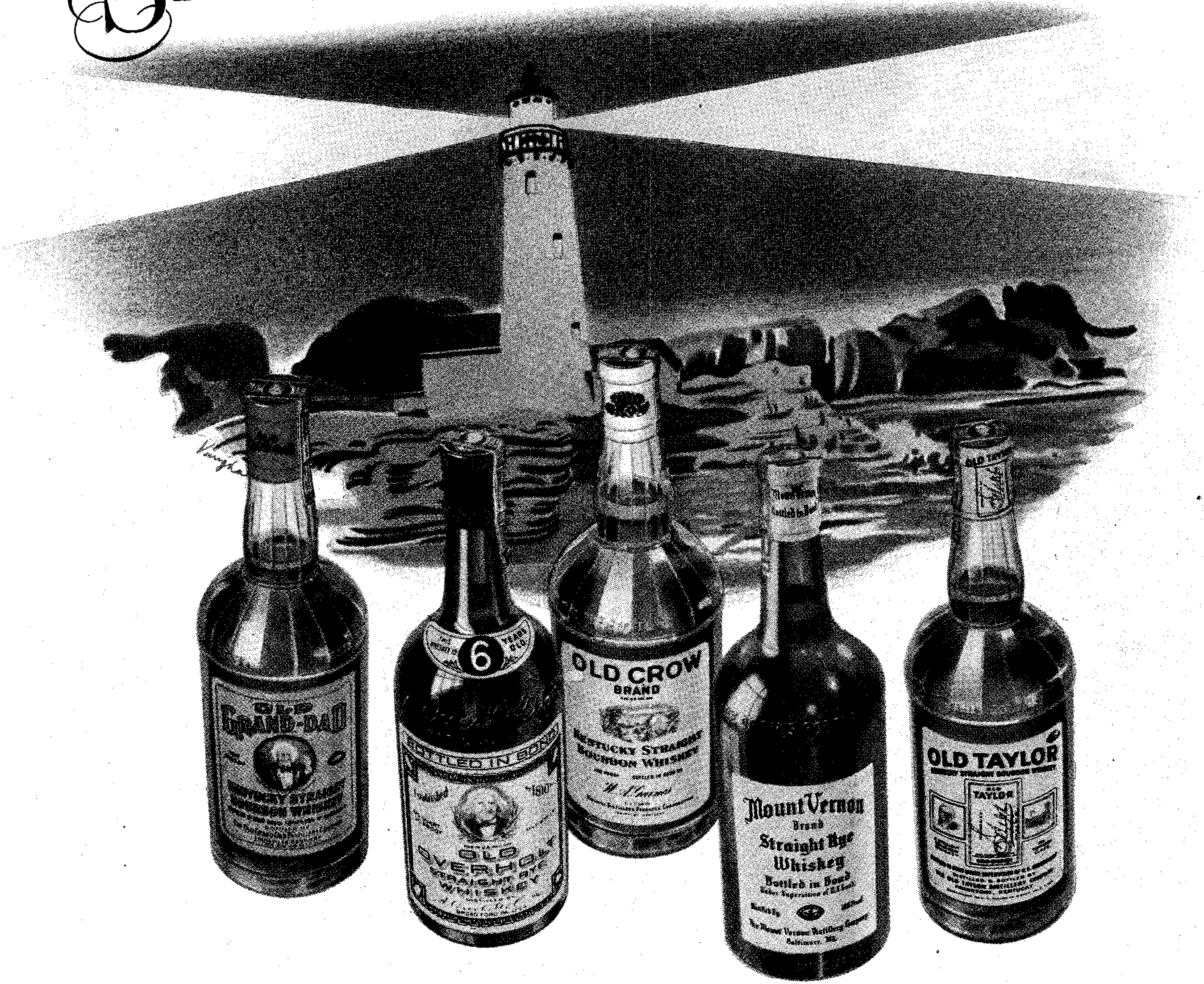
Although the airplane may not be regularly used to carry heavy freight, it will serve like the ships of old, to open up distant rims of the world where rare luxuries are found. The airplane can fly direct to places reached in the past by only a handful of explorers. And along with its pioneering will come profitable routes for all forms of transportation.

Just as we now hinge so many of our hopes for Victory on the airplane, so can we look to it for new and fuller blessings of life in the Age of Flight.

★ *Buy War Bonds and Stamps for Victory* ★

UNITED
AIR LINES
THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

STILL ON THE COURSE OF QUALITY


OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
6
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
OLD TAYLOR

FORTUNATELY, thanks to the U.S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which regulates details of aging, bottling and labeling of bonded whiskies, there has been no war-time change in this pre-war quality. For generations past, these five famous bonds have been America's outstanding whiskeys. And they still are!

So even in war-time you can still have the finest whiskies you ever knew in peace-time...but you will have to have just a little patience with us, when you don't happen to find the particular brand you want in your licensed dealer's store.

For with limited stocks and an ever-growing demand we have the task of being trustees for you who love fine whiskies. It is our task to distribute these remaining stocks of fine bonded whiskies fairly, but at the same time wisely so that you can depend on having this same superlative quality until conditions permit the production and proper aging of new stocks.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

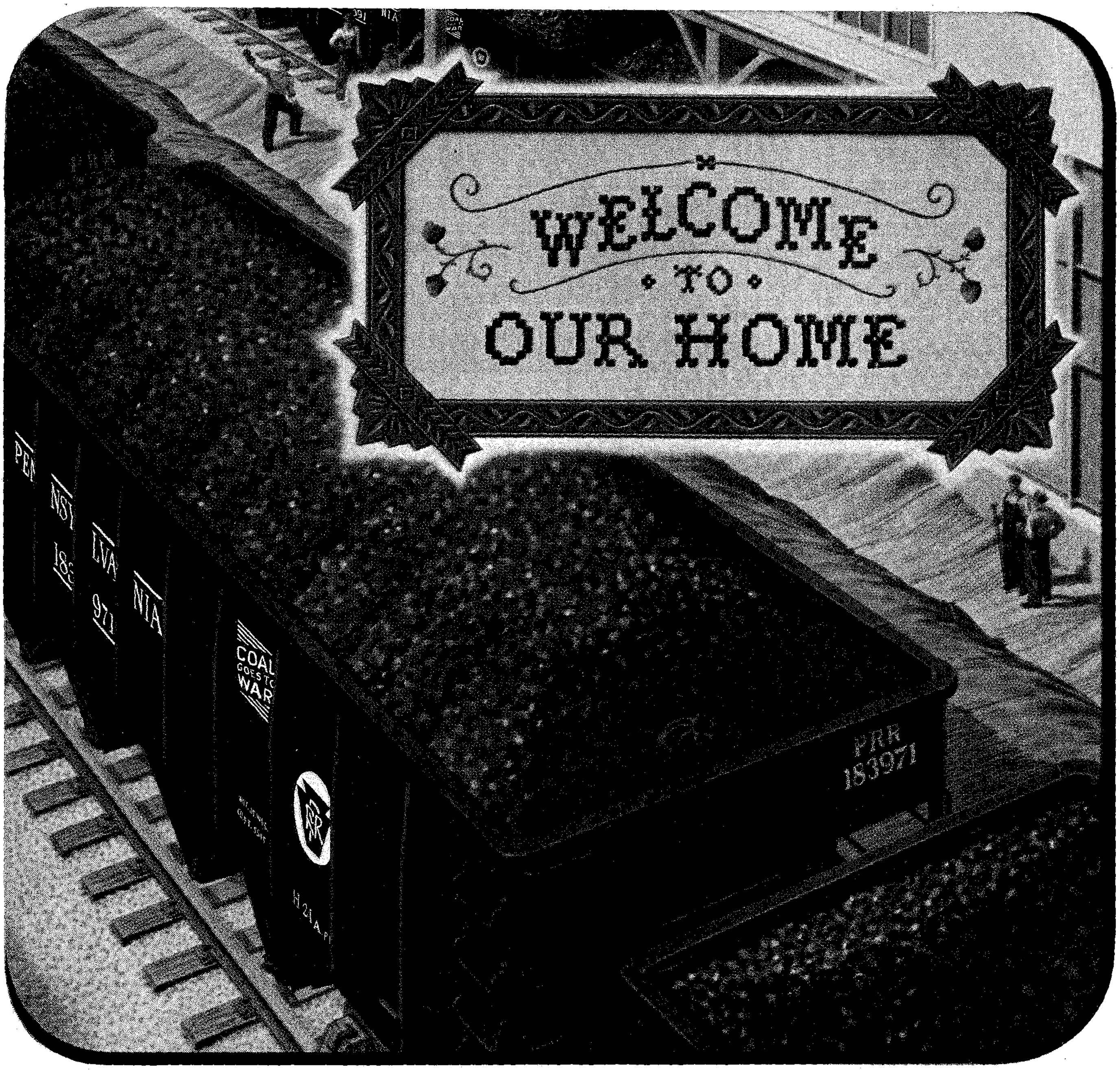
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
MARYLAND STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
PENNSYLVANIA STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

The distilleries of this company are engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes.

THESE WHISKIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y. • COPR. 1943



NEXT winter's fuel supply is as much in the public mind as this season's Victory garden—so coal is tumbling merrily down chutes into many thousands of home bins these summerlike days.

People know what's going on. The immense number of furnaces and heating plants being converted to coal can have but one result—*heavier demand for coal.* War is taking away the coal dealer's help. Home deliveries may be slowed, if all want coal at one time. So the farsighted home owner is laying in next winter's warmth *now.*

All of which is pleasing to Uncle Sam. Because he wants to keep tracks clear in the heavy fall and winter months for the big flow of war materials and troops—the railroads' No. 1 job.

As it is, the railroads have a real task right now to keep pace with industry's enormous coal demands. For please remember, industry relies on coal for its power, energy, light and heat. It takes more than a third of all the hundreds of thousands of freight cars the Pennsylvania Railroad has in service just to meet coal-hauling demands. So...

Make ready your fuel bin NOW... *let the coal roll in!*

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

★ *32,091 in the Armed Forces* ★ *30 have given their lives for their country*

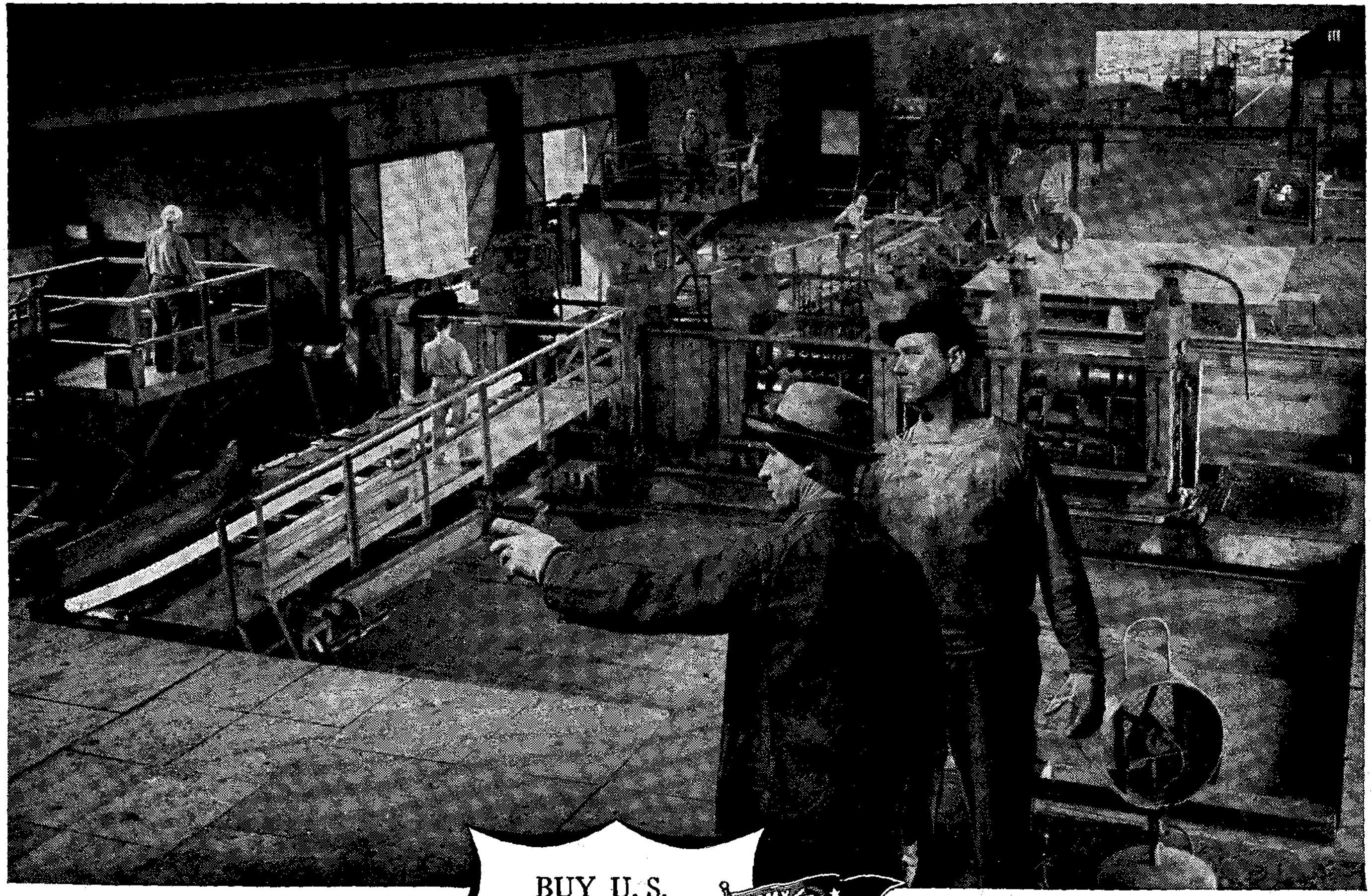
Serving and Conserving —

DOING *TWO* VITAL WAR JOBS . . . RUSTLESS is proud that it has the facilities and the "know-how" to do two war jobs of singular importance.

First, we are producing more Stainless Steels than any other plant in the nation. That is because we are the only plant whose entire resources are devoted to making this one, vital, strategic material and nothing else. Already Stainless Steel's exceptional properties of high tensile strength and remarkable resistance to corrosion by heat, acid and rust have made it a *must* in the production of the most vital war equipment.

Second, the unique RUSTLESS processes are conserving two metals that are critically scarce. These metals . . . Chromium and electrolytic Nickel . . . are essential, not only for the manufacture of Stainless Steel but for many other war requirements as well. RUSTLESS has largely "by-passed" their use by the discovery of ways to achieve equal results through the use direct in the furnace of ores and through the recovery of stainless steel scrap, both of which are in ample supply.

Thus, RUSTLESS is both *Serving* and *Conserving;* two jobs that we will continue to do with all our might and with all our resources throughout the war and in preparation for the peace to come.



BUY U. S.
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

ARMY E NAVY

RUSTLESS
CORROSION AND HEAT-RESISTING
STAINLESS STEELS

RUSTLESS IRON AND STEEL CORPORATION • • • BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

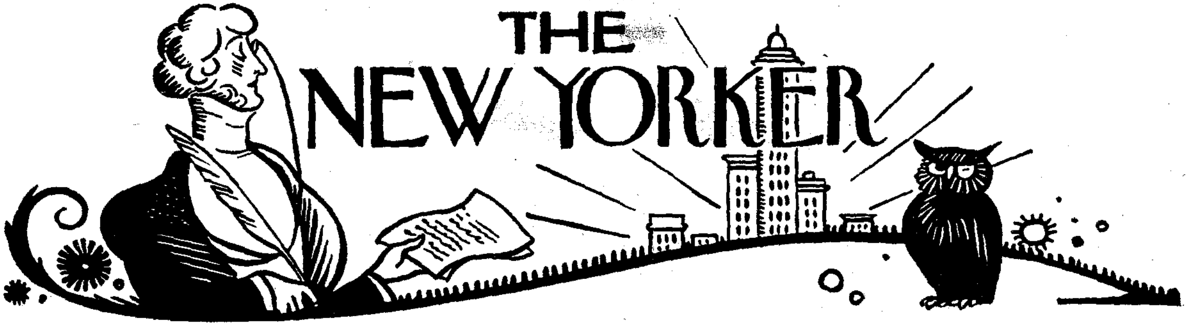
or
The Tale
of
Two Fishes

"... and the wise little fish traveled in the middle of the week and had a whale of a good trip—but the foolish little fish traveled on week-ends and had a trip like he was a sardine."

COAL WEATHER AHEAD
Your Government says—Fill Your Bin Now! Or be cold next winter.

THE MORAL IS PLAIN, TRAVEL IN MID-WEEK ON THE **BOSTON and MAINE**

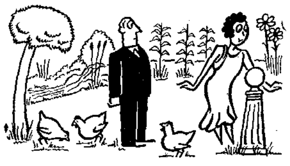
ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

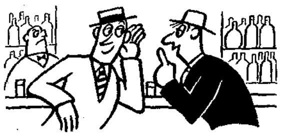
THAT delicious Sabbath trance induced by the study of the Sunday *Times* reaches its glassiest phase when we get into the changeless ads on the garden page of the Drama-Screen-Radio-Music-Dance-Art-Stamps-Resorts-Travel-Gardens-Women's News-Bridge Section. It is here, among the strange accoutrements of the horticultural life, that we forget, losing ourself completely. The senses float in pale regions of total intellectual stupor. A flexible blade to increase the efficiency of the lawn mower which we know we will never push over lawns measureless to man; a citronella candle to banish the imaginary mosquito from the imaginary porch on the fancied terrible summer night; twenty pachysandras for one dollar—how calm we feel, reading about them, how sweetly safe and indolent behind the walls of this stifling room in town! Here is a device for dehydrating vegetables, here a treatise on the breeding of earthworms for the feeding of hens in confinement, here a lovely silver gazing ball for the informal coppice. As our lids slowly droop, the scene expands and lightens, and we stand in the centre of this unearthly pleasure spot, this garden close, this green maze, with the cutworms and the laying pullets creeping around our feet, the liquid repellent for dogs and beetles gurgling over the mossy stones of the artificial brook, and an incredibly beautiful woman staring steadily into the gazing ball. No matter that this is 1943. It is Sunday, all over the world.



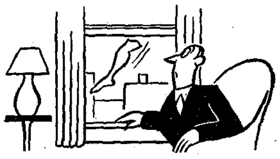
IT was in such a dormant moment the other day that we took to thinking back on all the summer houses we had known—the gazebos of the nineties, the forlorn little gazebos that stood in the sun on the clipped lawns in front of the resort hotels. Saddest of all occasional structures was the gazebo. A child on recreation bent was usually stimulated and cheered by his first glimpse of a summer house, with its intricate lacework, its isolated position, its broad view, but the disillusionment was sharp and quick. We can remember quite well how it felt to put a gazebo to the standard test: the discovery, the sampling of the view, the inspection of initials carved in the painted rail, the addition of our own initials, the attempt to invent diversions, then the feeling of uselessness, hollowness, and heat. Satiety, evacuation, abandonment. Goodbye, summer houses. What unhappy little boxes you were!

Mr. Edwin L. James told some journalism students recently that what this country needs is *one* peace plan. He sort of hinted at which one, just in passing. That's the trouble with the one-plan idea; it may not be the one you like. Take us, for instance. Mr. James' pattern for peace fails to satisfy us. Ours, from what he says, would certainly fail to satisfy him. He wants strong treaties, a revived League, firm action against aggressors. We want international law, a United Nations of the World, and relaxation of nationalism. He says our kind of talk is dream stuff, impossible of fulfillment. We say his is hoop-skirt stuff, proved to be unreliable. How are we going to get one plan which truly represents Mr. James and us and a hundred and thirty million other planners? Well, we will get it in the usual manner—talk, talk, talk, everybody beating on the table and pacing up and down. It's going to be a colossal debate, but at least it'll be a debate and not a monologue. As for us, we shall not back down merely because we've been assured that our head is in the clouds. Who's afraid of getting his hair wet in the cumulus? Besides, it's quite nice up here in the clouds. Surprising number of planes, too.

WE are pleased to predict that the arrest of the Staten Island air-raid warden for espionage will have a sobering effect on the local wiseacres. Nothing lately has been more certain to arouse the playful instinct in man than the posters in bars and other public places warning against careless talk. "The enemy is listening!" some funnyman is always sure to say after his fifth drink, looking around for another funnyman who will oblige by cupping his hand over his ear. The lovely thing about the Lehmitz arrest is that it demonstrates that the enemy *is* listening, that the German government will train a spy for years, supply him with funds, and set up an elaborate system of invisible-ink correspondence for him just so he can hang around bars, listen to ordinary civilian talk, and report it. The truth seems to be that this time, if not every time, the posters are right and the barroom comics wrong. We're not at all surprised.



GAZING out of our apartment window the other day, deep in global thought, we were suddenly aware of a stocking (apparently whole and plainly of a filmy substance, though whether silk or nylon we couldn't be sure) tossing about on the lap of a brisk, westerly breeze, barely six feet from our startled



eyes. It must have come from one of the floors above us and we half expected to see its owner, like W. C. Fields when he lost the bottle of whiskey out of an airplane in his latest picture, come plunging purposefully after it.

Of Hummingbirds

IT was in our ignorance that we were amused when we saw, displayed in Scribner's window a while back, a set of five gigantic volumes entitled "A Monograph of Hummingbirds." Further investigation disclosed that the volumes were published over a period of eleven years, from 1849 to 1860, by John Gould, an English ornithologist famous during and after the time of Audubon. They are still the standard work on hummingbirds. Each book measures 22 inches by 15½ by 2½. The sets were printed at the author's expense and sold for £78 15s. Gould's hummingbird monograph is considered the best of his total output of forty-three ornithological studies and is getting scarce for the same reason that the Audubon folios are scarce—print collectors buy them up, pull them apart, frame the color plates, and sell them separately. One complete set of Gould recently went to the bottom of the Atlantic; it was on its way to Gabriel Wells, the rare-book dealer, when the ship carrying it was torpedoed. Scribner's has sold the set it had on display for $1,850, a good average price, we gather.

If anyone thinks there isn't enough hummingbird lore to fill five jumbo volumes, that just shows how little he knows about the subject. Although hummingbirds are found only in the New World, they have been discussed at length by Europeans since 1558, when they were first described by a party of French explorers who had been to Brazil looking for gold. In the eighteenth century Linnaeus classified sixty-seven species of hummingbird. Gould verified the existence of about two-thirds of these and said the rest must have been mistakes. Gould himself classified some four hundred more species of hummingbird and was known to have boasted, after three glasses of port, that he could name any hummingbird's species if he was shown a single tail feather. Trochilidae, as hummingbirds are properly called, have cylindrical bills, highly developed pectoral muscles, and, in some instances, teeth. They live on insects mostly, though Gould and many other people since him have kept them alive on sugar water. The region around Bogotá, in the Andes, is a sort of hummingbird metropolis, Gould found, but the birds range as far north as Sitka, Alaska, and as far south as Tierra del Fuego, where one was once observed investigating a fuchsia in a snowstorm. The English name for these birds refers, of course, to the sound they make in flight. They are called "flybirds" in French, "flower lances" in Spanish, and, in the languages of the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, "rays of the sun" and "tresses of the day star," respectively. In Gould's day stuffed hummingbirds had a wide popularity in Europe as mantel ornaments and nuns used to make artificial flowers of the feathers. In those days there was a heavy traffic in the birds. They were shot down in the South American jungles by Indians and white traders who attained great skill in the use of blowguns which projected clay pellets that killed the bird without destroying the plumage.

To get back to Gould, one of the few times he went wrong about hummingbirds was when he doubted whether they could fly across large bodies of water; they *can* fly across large bodies of water. The rubythroat, for instance, crosses the Gulf of Mexico in a night, cruising at fifty-five miles an hour, or upward. From what we pieced together about Gould's life, he was rather a quaint fellow. His wife did the lithographs for most of his books, but she died before the hummingbird study. The illustrations for that were made by an artist named Richter. The Goulds were a commercial as well as a scientific success. Gould used to spend a lot of time fishing, or, to be exact, preparing to fish. He was famous along the Thames as a fisherman. Whenever a large, wily trout baffled all other anglers, Gould would scout the stream for several days, studying the river and the daily life of its inhabitants before breaking out his equipment. Then, so the legend goes, he would always catch his fish. Late in life he sat for his portrait, and he told the man in whose house it was going to hang to say, when questioned about it, "That is John Gould, the bird man."

TO OUR READERS

When you are through with your copy of *The New Yorker* each week, you can do a good turn by passing it along to the members of the armed forces. There are two simple and equally effective ways of doing this. The first is to mail your *New Yorker* to the Special Service Officer of any camp you choose, in which case the magazine will wind up in the camp's service club. The second is to mail it to some U.S.O. club. There are about a thousand U.S.O. clubs in cities and towns near military and naval camps and stations, and you can readily get the address of one near you by telephoning your local U.S.O. headquarters. In New York City the number is Pennsylvania 6-5400. An easy way to mail a copy of *The New Yorker* to any place in this country is to take a business-size envelope, slit it open at the ends, roll the magazine up in it, address it, and put on a five-cent stamp.

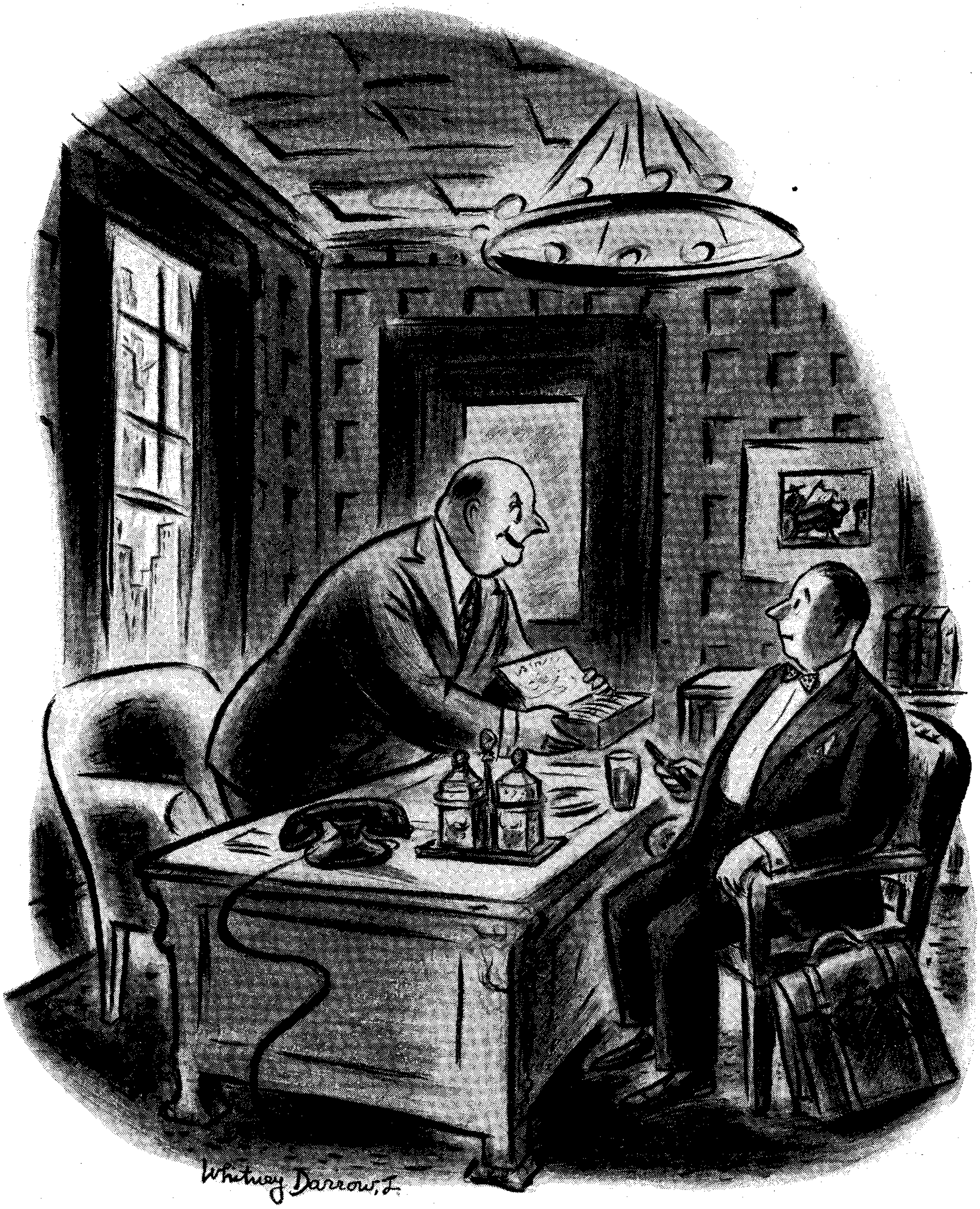
Seventh Inning

A LIEUTENANT COMMANDER and his lady were standing on a midtown street corner the other evening, wishing for a taxi, when a taxi actually pulled up at the curb. About nine sailors piled out. "Through with the cab, sailor?" the officer asked one of them. "No, sir," he said. "Just changing seats."

Charms to Soothe

MANY industrial concerns these days, as you may know, broadcast musical programs throughout their plants to relax the workers at their tasks. Last Wednesday afternoon we visited the plant of the Davis & Geck Co., which occupies three floors of a building at 57 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn, where it turns out surgical sutures to the strains of light opera and jazz. We arrived at four-thirty and stirring music was clearly audible as a girl, bouncing rhythmically, led us in to see Mr. Carroll Adams, the assistant manager, who knows all about his firm's innovation and has a musical outlet in his office. "Industrial music is not new," he said, talking with no more difficulty than the average restaurant patron facing Muzak. "Edison experimented with it thirty years ago, but its present use in over five hundred plants in this country is the result of lessons the British have taught us since the war started." Britain had to install public-address systems in factories for air-raid-warning purposes, anyway, and then it tried using the facilities to broadcast music during quiet spells. Both morale and production jumped up.

The tune changed and we recognized "Let's Put the Axe to the Axis." Mr. Adams told us the music came from an electric phonograph, which was superintended by the plant's switchboard operator, and was broadcast over an ordinary public-address system. A basic library of three hundred records is rented from the Victor company, which now offers this type of service to factories. Sixty replacements a month keep the repertoire up to date. We remarked that the selections we had heard seemed pretty *vivace*, and Mr. Adams told us that this was part of the scheme. One of the three daily eight-hour shifts had just come on duty and was getting the customary period of polkas and martial music. "It's sort of an eye-opener," Mr. Adams explained. The music is not continuous, being confined to six periods of from fifteen to thirty minutes each shift. "The idea is not to speed up production but to relax the worker," Mr. Adams said. "For instance, during the first part of the half-hour lunch interval, we broadcast chamber music. Good for the digestion." For the rest of the lunch period, we learned, the digestive tract has to take its chances with popular stuff. As to whether D. & G.'s production has actually increased under music's spell, Mr. Adams couldn't say, explaining they have been too busy to make a study. "We do know, however," he said, "that trifling ailments which used to send our employees to the infirmary have practically ceased since we've had music. Music is better than a lot of headache remedies I could name."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Go ahead, take another! Now just sit back and tell me what it is you're selling."

Mr. Adams then invited us on a brief tour of the premises and we tripped out of his office to the strains of the "Tick-Tock Serenade." With Mr. Adams' help, we adroitly drew out three or four of the lady workers on how music had affected their professional lives and got the impression that it had been for the better. Miss Bagley, of the suture-winding department, seemed to express the general opinion. "Sometimes toward the end of the shift, when it's dark outside and I hear Frank Sinatra sing 'It's Always You,' I feel just beautiful," she said. All currently popular numbers are broadcast, Mr. Adams told us, except songs like "Deep in the Heart of Texas." The hand-clapping episodes in these would throw a factory into chaos, he said. Before we left, Mr. Adams declared that in his opinion industrial music is here to stay. "And," he added speculatively, "what's to stop some smart businessman from sponsoring whole programs, inserting a brief, inconspicuous commercial in the records, aimed right at the factory trade?" Nothing, so far as we know.

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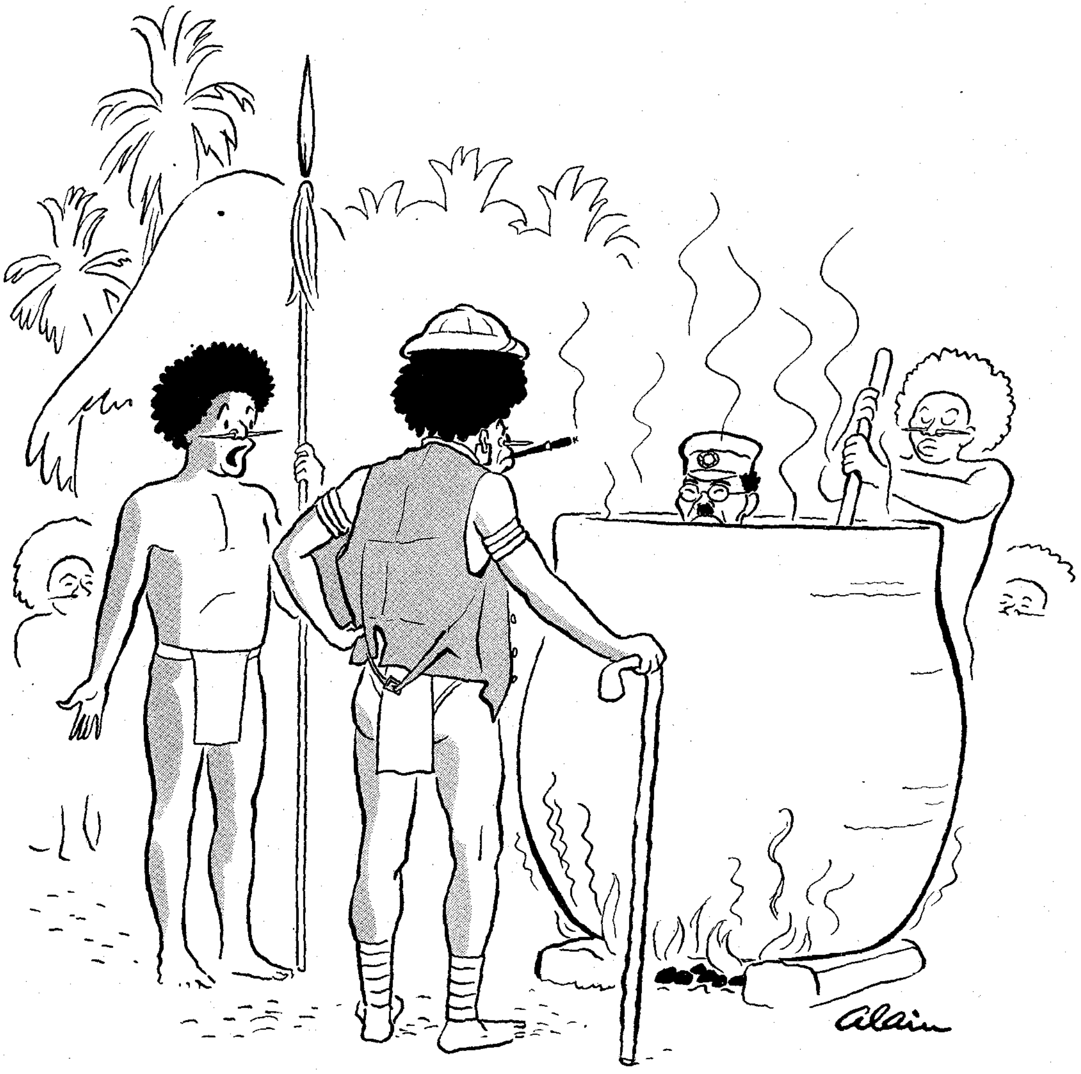
Rank

A FRIEND of ours, a fellow with connections among the former international set, got a letter the other day from a sprig of European royalty now in training with the United States Army. On the back of the envelope was the number of the sender's battalion, the



"But you simply can't get missionaries these days."

• •

name of his camp, and his own name, Pvt. Archduke Felix.

Love's Island

THIS week's Tilley Tour takes us to Cyprus, the east-Mediterranean island on which a portion of the B.E.F. is now based, possibly in preparation for a thrust into the Balkans. Cyprus, friends, is one hell of a fancy island, as you might gather from some of the names given it in the course of history: Diadem of the Sea, The Beautiful, The Salubrious, The Happy, The Blest, Enchanted Island, and Love's Island. Cyprus is where Venus came ashore after she rose from the sea. Cyprus is where Pygmalion carved the statue of Galatea that came to life. Cyprus is where Othello smothered Desdemona. (There really was an Othello, and he really smothered his wife, but he wasn't a Moor; he was a white man, a Venetian.) Cyprus, now a Crown Colony, is the third largest island in the Mediterranean, the larger ones being, of course, Sicily and Sardinia. The inhabitants earn their living by producing wine, mining asbestos, and raising silkworms. Except for some tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed Cypriotes, thought to be descended from the Crusaders, the natives are small and swarthy. The men aren't bad-looking, but people who should know say the women are frights. Nevertheless, they won't go out without chaperones.

Rummy is the favorite card game on Enchanted Island. There are no rivers, and consequently just about no fish in the coastal waters (fish like to hang around river mouths, in the hope of picking up something to eat). It's dry and hot in summer, and the government moves six thousand feet up, onto a mountain range where there are cool pine woods. There are camels on Cyprus, used as pack animals on journeys across a central plain called the Mesaoria. Whenever a Turkish warship sights Cyprus, it dips its flag; this is because the island is holy ground to Moslems. A relative of Mohammed named Umm Haram, whom the Prophet called Honored Mother, was killed there when she fell off a mule and broke her neck. The spot is marked by a mosque, which is visited by the devout. The Apostle Paul is said to have visited Cyprus and to have put a local sorcerer out of business by striking him blind. Cauliflowers were first grown on Cyprus. If the women there feel friendly toward you, they pat your cheek—a source of embarrassment, no doubt, to the British troops.

At one time or another Cyprus has been ruled by Egyptians, Phoenicians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Crusading English, Venetians, and Turks. The Metropolitan Museum has a couple of boxcar loads of antiquities, dating from 3000 B.C. to 500 A.D., which it bought from a Brigadier General di Cesnola, who was United States Consul on Cyprus just after the Civil War. England took Cyprus over in 1914, but since 1878 she had administered the island for the Turks and before that had once owned it for a couple of months. That was back in the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted, who took it away from a ruler called Isaac Commenus, who had passed remarks about Richard's girl, Berengaria. Richard sold it to raise cash, getting the equivalent of one and a half million Coolidge dollars. Harun-al-Rashid invaded the island and ruled it for a while. Another Moslem ruler there was Selim the Sot, who drank; matter of fact, he slipped and fell into a marble bathtub while under the influence and was drowned. The word "carat," the jeweler's measure for weighing diamonds, comes from "carob," the name of a tree that grows on Cyprus. The seeds of its fruit were once used in weighing gems.

Pure Chekhov

NEXT time you're in Washington, call up the War Department and ask for Extension 6734. If you do, and if we have been correctly informed, you will hear a subdued voice murmuring, "Frustrated Freight Section." On second thought, though, we guess you'd better let them alone.

Wadsworth

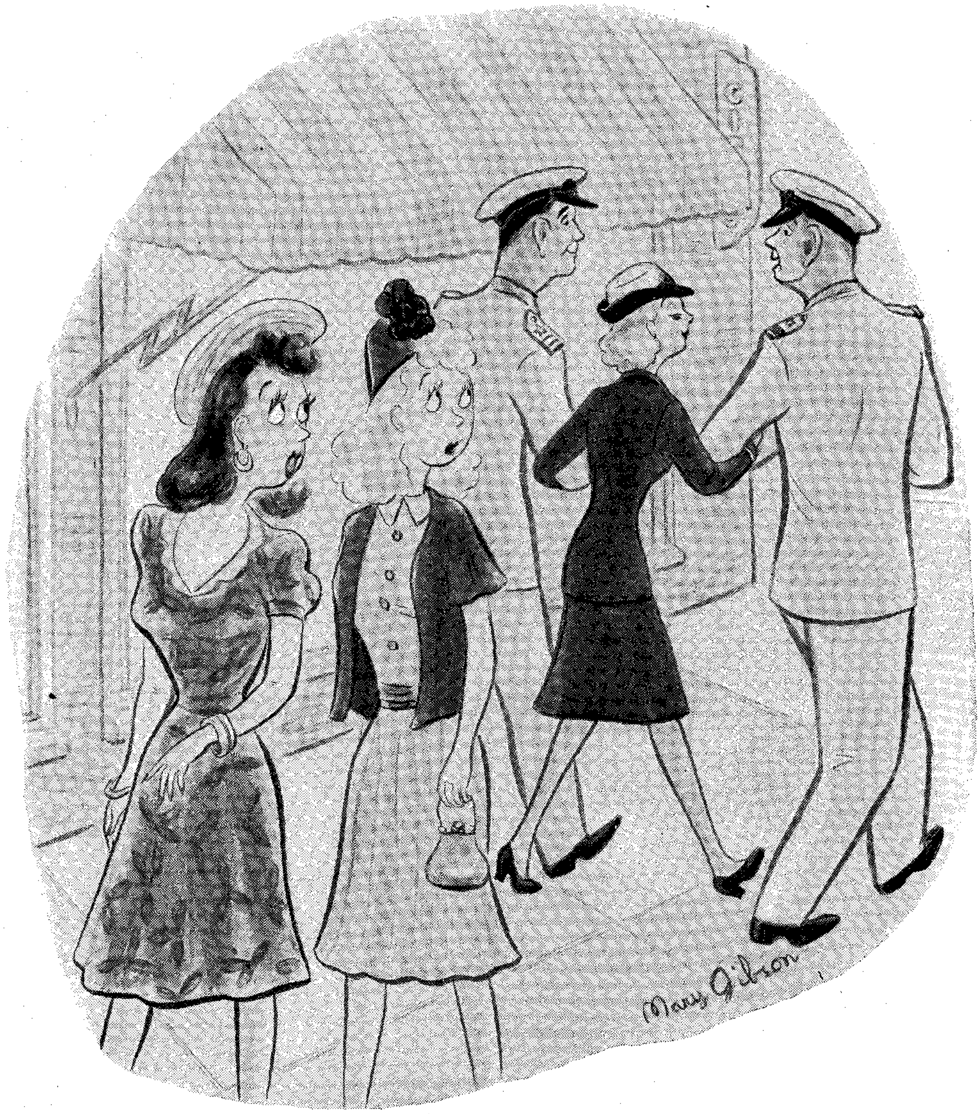
ONE of the happiest actors around Times Square these days is William Wadsworth, now playing a half-blind old doctor in the farce called "Three's a Family," at the Longacre. Mr. Wadsworth has only twenty-two speeches or, as the actors say, four sides, a side being a page in the familiar, typed, blue-bound booklet containing the cues and lines of an actor's part. Nevertheless, some backstage genius has figured out, he is responsible for forty-two belly laughs, twenty-eight of which come when he's onstage and fourteen when he's off but is mentioned in the dialogue. We should perhaps explain that "Three's a Family" deals with the problems of wartime gestation and that Mr. Wadsworth impersonates a superannuated obstetrician recalled to practice by the national emergency. It's type-casting to the extent that Mr. Wadsworth is sixty-nine years old and has rather seriously impaired vision. On his way to the theatre on the opening night he wandered in front of a taxicab, which struck him a glancing, harmless blow; it might have been a bad thing for the play if the cab had got a solid base hit. Another evening he strayed into the Everglades Bar, which is next door to the Longacre, under the impression that he was heading for his dressing room.

Mr. Wadsworth was born on Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in a little town called Pigeon Cove. He was brought up out West and as a young man embarked on the picturesque career of a surveyor. He had a government job with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the first task he got was to help with the 39th parallel. Before they had gone far, however, Grover Cleveland got back in office and threw out all the Republican officeholders, including Wadsworth. That was when he turned to acting. He was with Mme. Modjeska for a while, and, like every young actor of that day, played in Shakespearean stock. He also had stirring rôles, in which he stuck his hand down a lion's throat to retrieve some papers or held up a bridge over which a horse was driven. He played in the silent movies but never, on either stage or screen, rose above small parts. Now he's getting offers from Hollywood, and Moss Hart has exclaimed publicly that he is the best actor to come along in the past ten years. A little acidly, Wadsworth told us he had never even been able to get in to apply for a job in any of Hart's plays.

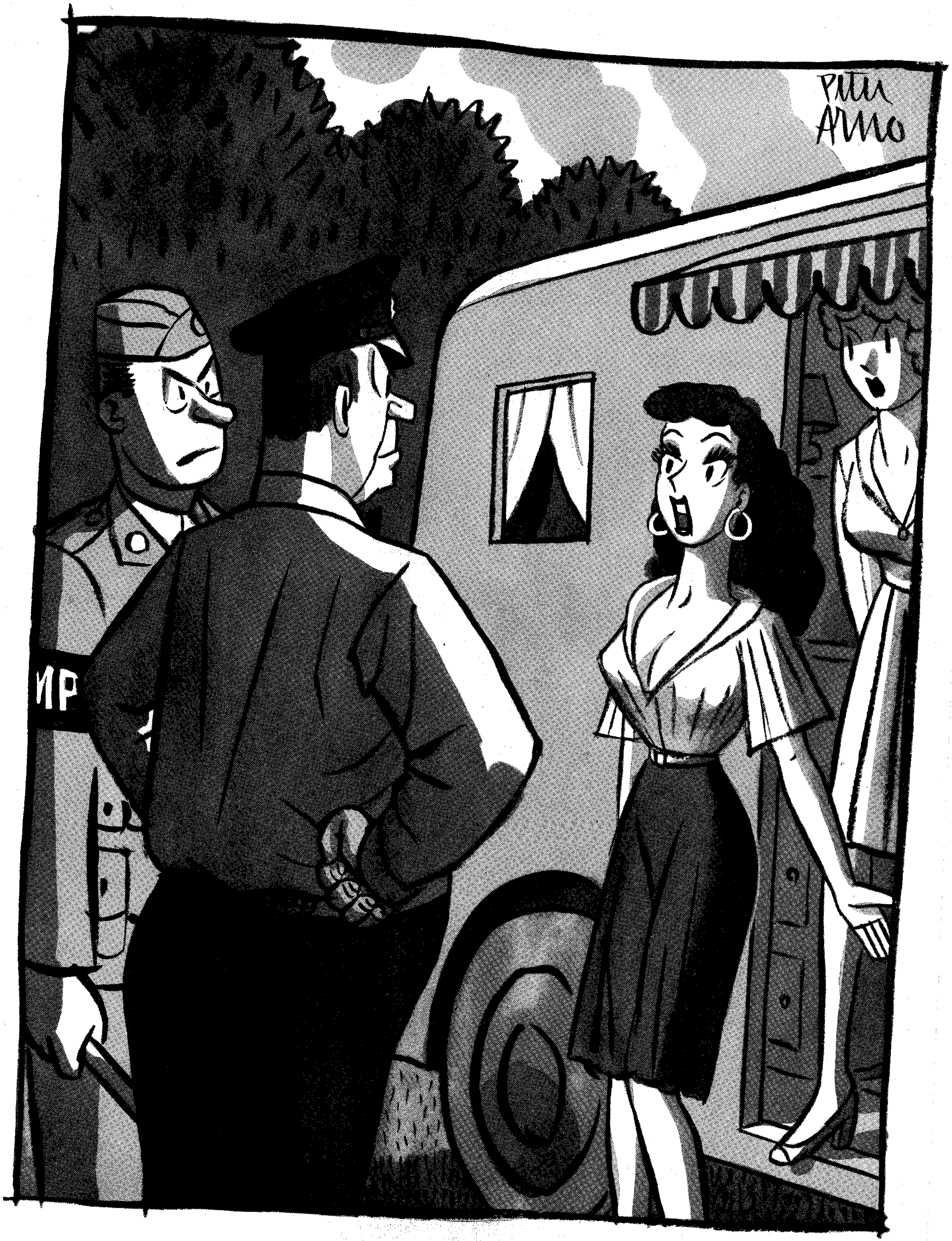
Wadsworth uses no makeup. His principal items of costume, an old frock coat and a pair of old-fashioned spectacles, were both dug out of the attic of the Wadsworth family house at Pigeon Cove. He told us his father was married in the coat, which would possibly date it as prewar (Civil). Wadsworth simply borrowed the characterization of the doctor from the family doctor who delivered *him.* The play, by the way, is apparently popular with doctors, fifteen or twenty attending each performance. The management knows this because they all leave their names at the box office.

The Last of Pete

THIS is one of those stories we don't vouch for but merely pass along. The scene is somewhere northwest of Stamford, into which storied countryside this summer moved a young matron whose husband had gone to the wars, her two children, and a large and touchy bull terrier named Whitey. On the day they arrived, Whitey set forth to explore the neighborhood and encountered a dog named Pete. Pete passed some insulting remarks, one word led to another, and the two dogs fought. This part of the story is sad. Whitey killed Pete. The news ran swiftly, as it does in rural areas, and within a short time everybody along the road had learned of the tragedy, including Pete's owner, a Connecticut lady who had lived most of her life right there, in the same house. Whitey's owner, when she called upon this lady late in the afternoon, found her to be elderly, with white hair and gentle eyes. She took her anxious caller's hand, patted it, and said, "Now, don't worry about this a minute; he was just an old dog we'd had for years." As we said, we merely pass this along.



"It's probably just a publicity stunt to get us to enlist."


Peter Arno
MP

"I tell you we're on our way to Estes Park! We had no idea we were parked near an Army camp."

NEW HAMPSHIRE BLACKOUT

THE air-raid-warning system in our New Hampshire township is simple and effective. We live about three miles from the village. When the warden's Chevrolet, with the siren howling, goes crashing by on the stony road past the house, we put out the lights; when he goes by on his way back, using the horn this time, we turn them on again. There is never any misunderstanding and the results are admirably complete. Once our own lights are out, the blackness is total unless there happens to be a moon.

The warden's beat extends another three miles up the road, as far as old George Brown's. It was about old George that the warden came to see me last fall, before the first trial of the system. He was not certain just how he ought to approach George about the matter; in fact, he was not sure that he wanted to approach him at all.

Old George has lived alone for the past forty years, hunting and trapping and cutting a little cordwood. He is a tall and handsome man, seventy-five or more, with gray hair down to his shoulders.

George doesn't know much about the war. He doesn't have access to newspapers and he doesn't own a radio. Two years ago they told him in the general store that Hitler was coming over here. George said he hoped it wasn't true, because it was a lovely country and it would be a shame to get it all staved up with the fighting. Still, he guessed Hitler would get about all he could handle if he was to tackle New Hampshire. Why, things wouldn't probably any more than get started before Maine and some of them other states would jump in and help out. They'd all take a hand. He would himself, even. He couldn't travel so well as he could when he was a young man, but he could still watch the corners. Whoever was chose captain—even if it was some young feller—could put him at any stand he had a mind to. His near eye, which is totally blind, had failed some, George admitted, but his off eye was all right. He could still see to shoot.

He meant it, and they knew that he meant it. But still they thought it was funny. One of them said, "George, they tell me that in the wintertime you wear white rubber boots so as not to leave no tracks in the snow. Is that right?" It was an old joke. George said yes, that was so.

Another thing about George that entertains the village people is his belief in spirits. George has a great knowledge of charms and remedies; he has talked with the dead; he believes that God once walked the earth as a natural man; he believes in the Devil and is not afraid of him, though he hates him less than he does a game warden. George's defenses against the Devil are subtle and varied, but his attitude toward game wardens is forthrightness itself. It is generally believed in the village that he has threatened to shoot the next game warden to set foot on his place.

It was because of this that the air-raid warden, who is new in the village, having come there five or six years ago, felt some hesitancy about his preparatory errand of explanation to George; he was afraid George might not distinguish between wardens. However, he went—using his name instead of his title—and things went off fairly smoothly.

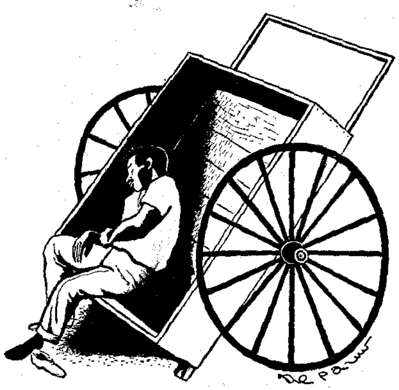
Old George stood in his doorway and listened in silence to a long and rather desperate recital and, when it was concluded, said, "You want it dark. Is that the idea?"

"Yes," the warden said. "Yes, that's it! Precisely!" He comes from somewhere down in Massachusetts, they say.

"What did you figure to do about the moon?"

The warden answered that he didn't know.

"No," said George, "I didn't suppose that you did. Well, sir, there *is* a charm that will put out the moon anytime. I don't say that I know it, and I couldn't give it to you if I did. It's got to go from a man to a woman, or a woman can pass it on to a man. My old grandmother had it. She was an herb woman. She's been dead a long time, fifty years, I guess, easy. You wouldn't remember her. They buried her up on the mountain, high up; it was a place she picked out herself. There hain't no mark onto it. But I know where it is. I'm the only one does."



The warden said no, he didn't remember her, he was new around here.

George asked him to come in and sit down, and the warden thanked him but said he'd got to get along back. They talked a few minutes longer. The warden admired George's dog and finally shook hands with the old man, as much to break off the conversation as anything else. He thanked him, too—presumably for George's readiness to blow out his lantern when necessary in the interest of national defense.

"No trouble," said George. "I'm glad to help out."

THE warden stopped by at our place to tell me how he had made out. He seemed quite happy about it and relieved. He had underestimated George's willingness to coöperate, he said.

For several days after that, I found excuses to go by George's place, but I didn't see him around. I supposed he must be off in the woods somewhere. He might have gone on the mountain to get some ash for axe handles. He makes them in the winter and sells them for fifty cents apiece. They're the best I've ever used.

It must have been about a week later that they put on the blackout. We were sitting around in the evening and we heard the warden's car coming up the road from the village, crashing and banging and the siren going full blast. We put out the lights, and after he'd passed we could hear him for another two miles on his way to George's.

It felt queer and uneasy sitting there in the dark, and I got up and went out into the dooryard to have a look at the night. It was a fine night, clear and cool, and the moon was well up. I could still make out the sound of the warden's siren, away off in the distance, and I estimated he must be about passing the old abandoned house in the hollow just this side of George's. I hoped the warden had told George about the siren, because it would be an eerie sound for an old man, all alone, to hear bearing down on him in the moonlight. It was an eerie sound even when you knew what it meant.

Then a big cloud drifted up over the moon and made things really dark, and the three white birches in the field over across the road disappeared altogether.

I shivered, and turned round and went back into the house.

—LE GRAND CANNON, JR.

POSITION OF THE SOLDIER

AT Officer Candidate School our squadron lived in a fairly good Army hotel just large enough to hold the two hundred of us. For our last six weeks, as upper classmen, we moved down to the first and second floors. The squadron's new lower class was assigned to the third and fourth.

It was several days before we found time to arrange our rooms according to all the regulations. I had just begun to scrape the paint spots off our bathroom floor when my roomie came in and said, "There's a lower classman crying in 408. Hurley's been bracing him for the last half-hour, and the poor son of a bitch just stands there, quivering and bawling. I tried to get Hurley to lay off. No soap."

LET me tell you about Hurley. No, let me first tell you about bracing. Officially, the school defines bracing as an exaggerated position of attention. In a brace you stand rigidly, shoulders back, chest out, buttocks and stomach in just as far as they will go. Your eyes are not to waver under any provocation. After a stiff brace, conscientiously administered, your body is likely to ache for some time.

Lower classmen are required to stand three bracing formations a day, each lasting fifteen or twenty minutes. Upper classmen walk along the line, correcting posture and asking questions. There is only one acceptable answer to each question, and after a while lower classmen learn to snap these out in the exacted military manner. Then, in the evenings, upper classmen have thirty minutes of visiting privileges to carry on the work in the rooms of their subordinates.

The idea had been explained to us by the tactical officer only on the day we ourselves became upper classmen. Up to that point we had been in pretty much of a blizzard.

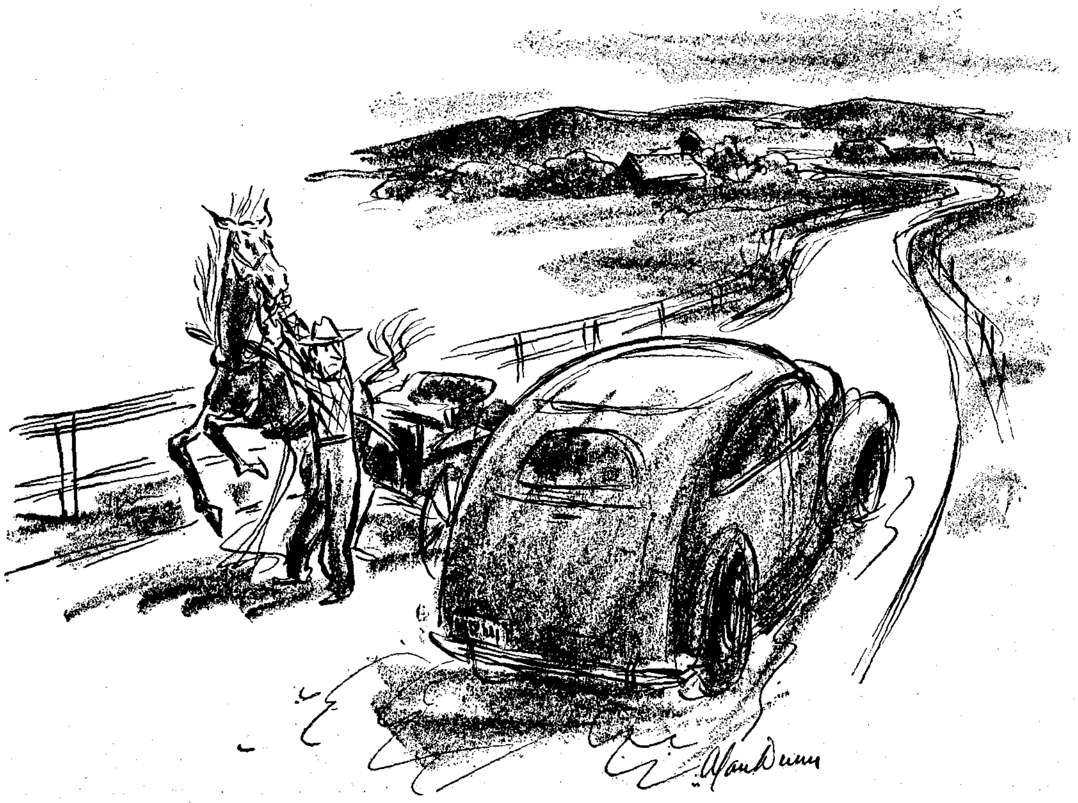
"You've got to give them a nervous jolt so bad it'll knock them clear out of the old G.I. rut," said the tac officer. "Confuse them. Bewilder them. Humiliate them. Rip them up and tear them down so completely they won't know whether they're coming or going. Your job now is to work toward the ideal of becoming the most hated upper classman in O.C.S. You jolt them out of the G.I. rut in their first six weeks, tear them down, and hand them over to me when they're ready to be molded. I'll make men and officers out of them in the next month and a half, just like I'm going to make men and officers out of you."

That was how we found out what had been happening to us in the preceding weeks. As a matter of fact, only a handful of upper-class candidates had subjected us to the treatment in any sustained form. But that handful had been enough to make a lot of people wish they had stayed enlisted men for the duration. Things got so rugged that a number of us took what amounted to an oath not to stand for anything of the sort during our senior term.

As it turned out, there was very little we could do about bracing. Most of my classmates went through the motions and at least six or eight of them followed our tac officer's orders to the letter—Hurley, for one.

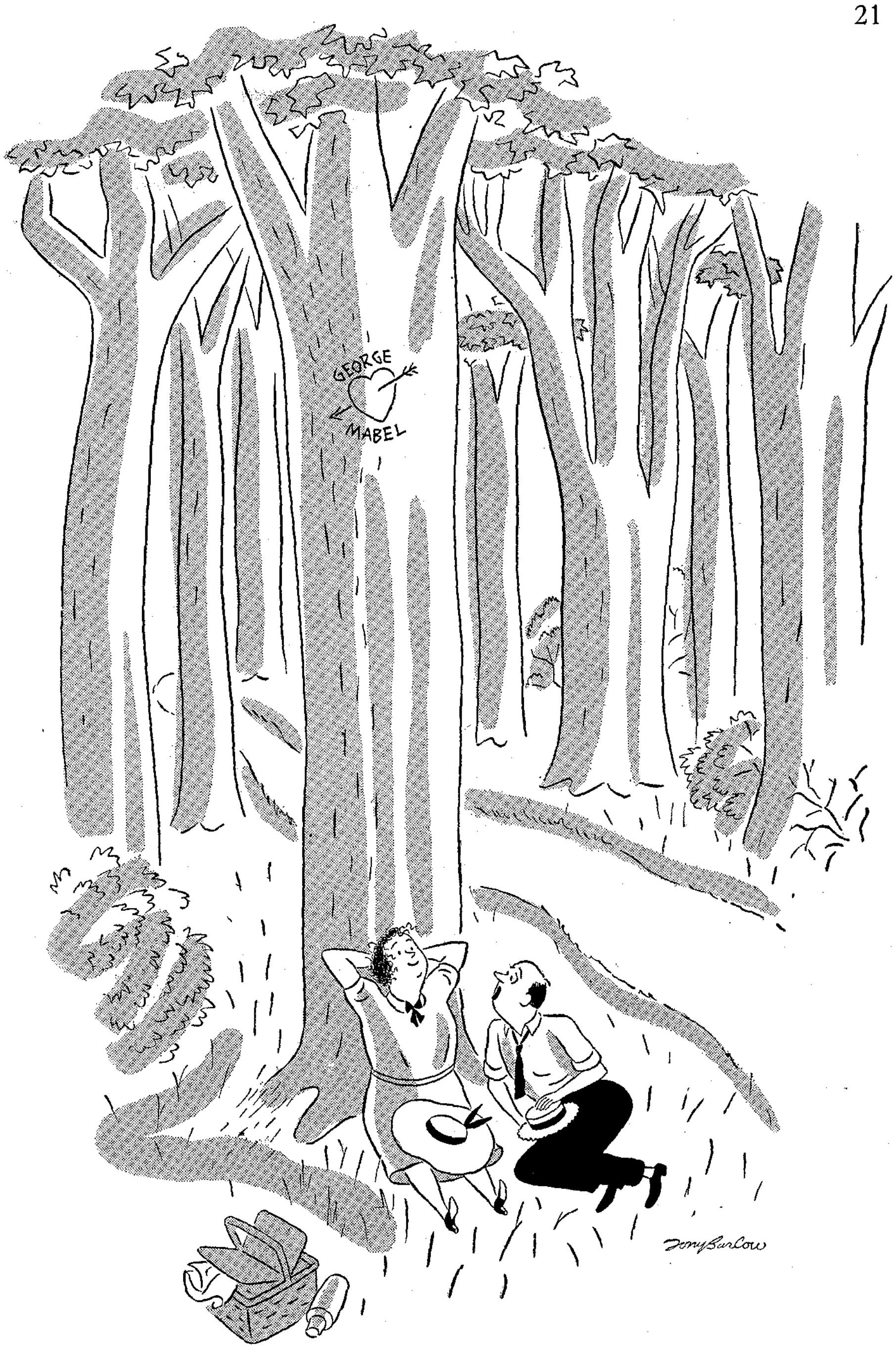
I was going to tell you about Hurley, but I find I don't have much to tell. He had been in the service four years, since he was nineteen or twenty. Ratings must have been tough at his old station, because he had come into O.C.S. as a buck sergeant. His brother, as he somehow managed to state in the course of even the briefest conversation, was a flying officer, a lieutenant colonel. Maybe that was one of the things that made him act the way he did. I can't say. It certainly could not have been any physical deficiency. A lot of small men like to brace the hell out of six-footers, but Hurley was just short of six feet himself and well set up.

Once or twice I tried to argue it out with him on his own level. I said if a man was any good in the first place, you couldn't break him down in six weeks. If he wasn't, he had no business in the school. Also, if he wasn't any good but had managed to get in, and you did succeed in breaking him down, how could you possibly rebuild and mold him in six weeks? All Hurley did was repeat everything the tac officer had said, including the beaut about if a man could not stand the gaff at O.C.S., how could he be expected to take it in combat? If they crack under this, said Hurley, will you assume the responsibility of placing them in charge of a security squadron at an advance base?



I WENT up to 408, where Hurley was supposed to have this lower classman quivering and in tears. It was a small corner room with only two beds. The names on the door were Meriwether and Boyd. Hurley was bracing them both.

Meriwether was the largest man in the squadron, six foot six. He had been a nationally-known basketball player and had come to school on Physical



"Won't you please make up your mind, Mabel?"

Training orders. He was good-natured and rather proud of his impeccable brace. He stood against the wall and I could see he was not in any kind of trouble. The other man, Boyd, braced in the middle of the room, with Hurley walking around him. His face was quivering all right, and there was so much sweat rolling off his forehead and down over his eyes that he appeared to be crying. Maybe he was.

Boyd was in his late thirties, I thought. I had noticed him before because of his ribbons—the red one for good conduct, the Purple Heart, the Asiatic-Pacific Theatre ribbon with a star on it, and a fourth one that I could not make out. His eyes were fixed on a point with the prescribed glazed stare.

Hurley stopped in back of him. He said, "Mister, are you drawing flying pay?"

"No, sir."

"Well, pull those wings in then. Glue those arms to your sides. Reach for the ground. Reach for the ground, Mister, just as far as those arms will go. Now rack those shoulders back as far as *they'll* go."

Every time Boyd reached for the ground, his shoulders naturally came forward a little.

"Mister, may I touch you?" Hurley asked. Army tradition forbids you to touch a man without his permission. In our squadron no lower classman had ever been known to refuse.

"Yes, sir," Boyd said.

Hurley placed the back of his forefinger between Boyd's shoulder blades. "Now rack 'em back until you pinch my finger," he said.

Boyd strained and sweated. He had a leathery, deeply lined face, the kind you see on a lot of farmers. Reminded me of a crew chief I used to know up at Wright Field. The corners of Boyd's mouth were drawn back by the strain, and at times his entire face twitched.

"Mister," Hurley said, "pull your tail in."

Boyd pulled his tail in.

"Now let's see what you look like from the front," Hurley said, walking around him. "Mister, how old are you?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Thirty-eight what?"

"Thirty-eight years."

"I mean thirty-eight *what,* Mister?"

"Thirty-eight years, sir."

"Very good, Mister Boyd. Then let's see thirty-eight wrinkles in that chin. Pull it in. Are your feet at a forty-five-degree angle?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know?"

Boyd glanced down at his feet.

"Keep your eyes on a point straight ahead," Hurley said. "You're in a brace, Mister. Now, how do you know your feet are at a forty-five-degree angle?"

"No excuse, sir." Boyd had learned that there were only three answers he was allowed to give in response to a question like that—"Yes, sir," "No, sir," "No excuse, sir." Lower classmen were not permitted to say, "I don't know."

"Instinct, Mister. By this time, instinct should tell you the position of your feet. Mister, what was your p.c.s.?"

"No excuse, sir."

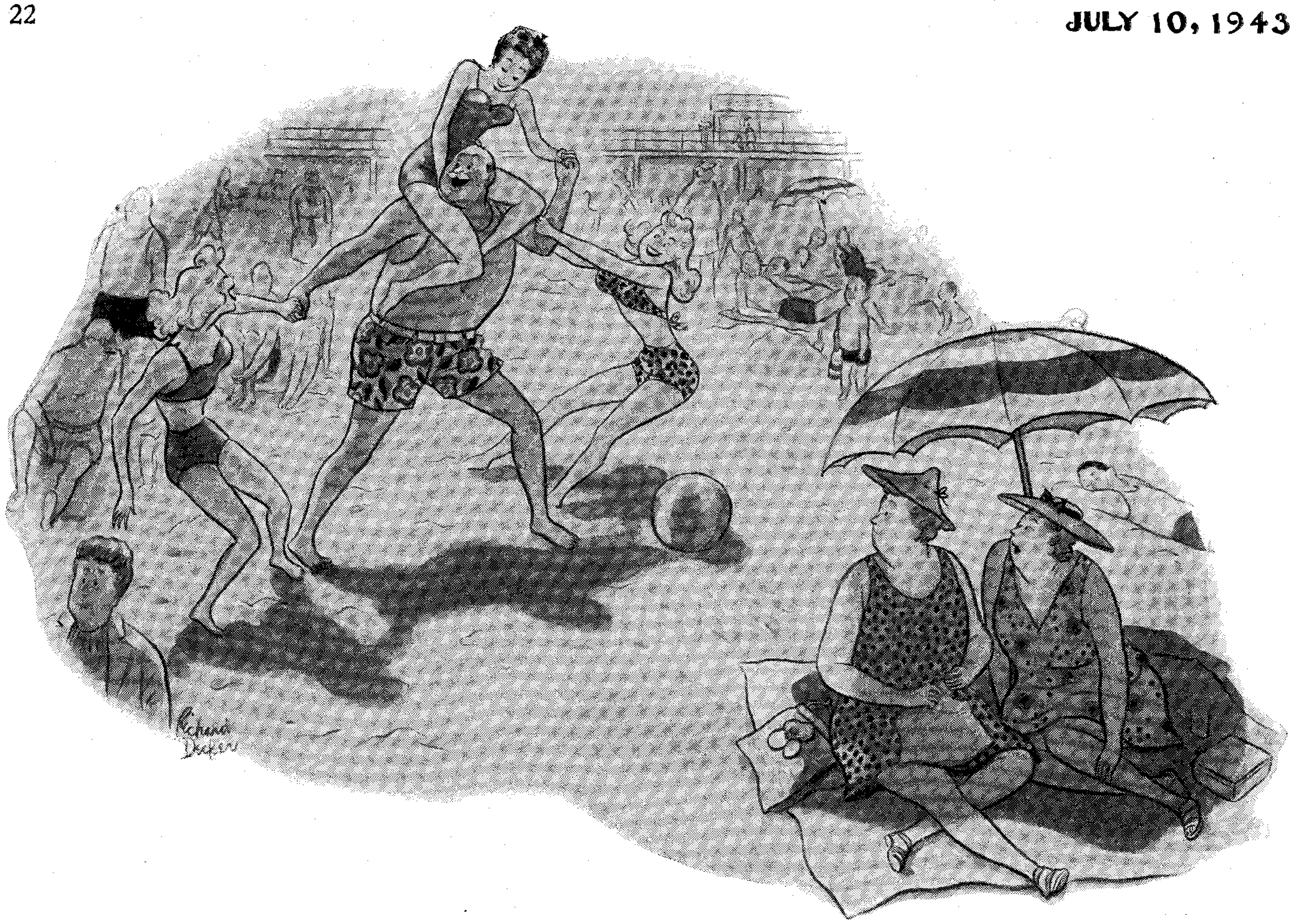
"You mean to say you don't know what your previous condition of servitude was?"

"Sir, my previous condition of servitude was master sergeant at different stations in the Philippines and Hawaii."

"Very good, Mister Boyd. Now tell me why you came to O.C.S."

"I came here to work for a commission, sir."

"Mister, you're wrong. You came



"Some men just can't seem to grow old gracefully."

here to learn discipline, discipline, and more discipline. Will you remember that?"

"Yes, sir."

Hurley wheeled around very fast. "Mister Meriwether," he said, "are you smiling?"

"No, sir."

"I think you smiled, Mister Meriwether. Wipe it off."

Meriwether ran a hand over his mouth.

"Throw it away."

Meriwether threw the smile away.

"Step on it."

Meriwether stamped his foot.

"Now pick it up."

Meriwether scooped up his smile.

"I don't think you got all of it, Mister. Pick up the rest."

Meriwether gathered up the rest of his smile and hit a brace again.

"There is nothing funny at O.C.S.," Hurley said. He turned again. "You're relaxing, Mister Boyd. I want you to suck in that horrible gut."

Boyd sucked until I could see the fluttering of his stomach muscles through the fabric of his shirt. His brace was every bit as good as Meriwether's, though not so spectacular. Sweat dripped from his jaws. His shirt had soaked through.

"Mister Boyd," said Hurley, "are you proud to be at O.C.S.?"

Boyd didn't answer. Hurley came very close to him and repeated the question, practically whispering it into his ear.

"Yes, sir," Boyd said.

"You don't look very proud. Mister Meriwether, does he look proud to you?"

"No excuse, sir."

"He doesn't look very proud to me. Mister Boyd, have you memorized your definition of discipline yet?"

Boyd started to recite it but broke down. "No excuse, sir," he said. His voice was barely audible. He had bitten his lower lip, and a drop of blood had begun to form.

"I'll take them from here on," I said to Hurley. "You go into one of the other rooms."

He had to go, because I was his superior in the squadron. After he left, I told Boyd to go into the washroom and gave Meriwether at ease. Meriwether waited until Boyd had shut the door. Then he came to attention.

"Sir, Officer Candidate Meriwether reports to ask a question." He knew he did not have to run through that form with me, but Hurley must have shaken even him up a little.

"At ease, for Christ's sake," I said. "How long has Hurley been doing this?"

"Every chance he gets. It doesn't bother me at all, but you can see John takes it hard. John's been on the point of cashing in his chips ever since we got here. Last night a couple of us had to sit on him, almost. He was going to the tac officer and hand in his resignation. It took three of us to hold him down, I guess, not a couple. Wouldn't think it to look at him, but he tosses me around like a sack of wheat. I was supposed to have been something of a wrestler, but John is the greatest jujitsu man I ever saw. That's one of the things that scares me. If he ever lets go, he'll kill Mister Hurley. Isn't there anything you could do?"

"No. Hurley's the one who's obeying orders. I'm violating them right now."

"Somebody better do something," Meriwether said. "John isn't built to take this kind of guff. He's been a master sergeant for ten years and he's broken more than his share of captains and majors into the business of running outfits. I've only known John for six months and I wouldn't pretend to understand him, but don't get the idea he's scared of Mister Hurley. He's scared he'll kill him, that's what he's scared of."

"Friend, you're not wrong," Boyd said. He was standing in the doorway. He had washed his face and seemed entirely composed. "Sir," he said to me, "why can't I hit him?"

"You can't, that's why."

"I know I can't. How long will I have to stand for it, though? I don't see myself doing this for another five and a half weeks."

"Maybe he'll lay off you," I said. "Maybe he'll pick on somebody else."

"I don't want a commission this bad," Boyd said. "I was doing all right. Never would have come here if it hadn't been for my wife. We only just got married after I came back to Oahu from the Philippines. I reckon I got sick of watching her take a back seat to a lot of officers' wives. I reckon she got sick of it herself. But I don't need this punk to teach me about discipline. I never did have a head for memorizing things."

"Well, at least don't pin that on him," I said. "We all had to memorize that corn. Stay away from him as much as you can and try not to let him get your goat. What the hell else can I say?"

"Nothing. Thanks all the same."

FROM there on out, Hurley and I wrestled for Boyd's soul. I would follow Hurley during the bracing formations and try to undo some of the damage. In a less systematic way, several other upper classmen did the same. Then, through Meriwether, I found out that Boyd wasn't hearing from his wife, and that didn't help.

When the four-week standings came out Boyd was way down on the list. Two of the men who had stood higher had washed out and it was obvious that only Boyd's record and his Purple Heart ribbon had kept him in. He knew more Army than any of us but he kept muffing exams and recitations. The men in his flight said he would get up in class and stammer and stumble just as if he were back on the bracing line. According to Meriwether, the strain of controlling himself in Hurley's presence had thrown Boyd for a loss.

Unfortunately, Hurley marched behind Boyd in the parade formations and this enabled him to harass his man at will. Boyd could do the gaudiest manual of arms in the squadron—in the whole school, perhaps—but with Hurley directly in back of him, muttering "Cant right, butt left" all the way, he was bound to make a few mistakes.

Parades were the central fact of our existence. Our entire training was pointed toward performing well at those weekend reviews. Low academic grades, failure to wear garters at reveille, improper haircuts—the most egregious of such violations would be at least partly condoned if our squadron took the blue-and-white ribbon on Saturday or Sunday. We were judged by West Point standards and it was not easy to outpoint thirty-five other squadrons, equally well drilled and subjected to the same between-the-halves emotion. Before passing in review, we would stand at the most rigid sort of attention for forty-five minutes, with the first sergeant taking notes behind us. A slight movement of the head meant five demerits, and few men could afford the consequent loss of fifty points in the competitive standings. Before we found out that we could keep some blood in circulation by moving our fingers and toes, we had a very trying time. Since no one was allowed to walk off under his own power, candidates would pass out now and then. On a hot day, the ambulances behind the line would be pretty well filled. And if you had the bad luck to draw a blank, you would have to write a letter to the Military Board listing everything you had eaten in the previous twenty-four hours. Men had been washed out for having owned up to a couple of beers.

Up to the tenth week, our squadron never had more than one man pass out at a parade, but on the eleventh Sunday we had an epidemic. The thermometer read 132 in the sun. Three men went down in the back, where I could not see

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THE JOYS OF BEING A BUSINESSMAN

Enter the proprietor of the Riviera Café;
Remarks, "It is a wonderful morning," as in fact it always is, for him;
Glances at the cash register with marked disinterest, first, then at the morning
man behind the bar, and at the early customers in front;
Disappears into the kitchen and at once returns, hangs up his coat,
Straightens the service flag in the window, and tests a blind;
States, "I was looking at the bills since ten o'clock already" (it is now about
11 A.M.);
Picks up a frond of palm leaves from the vase inside the door and inspects the
stem, the leaves, the veins of the leaves;
Drinks coffee at the bar, peering steadily through the window at the street;
Queries, "Joe been here yet?" And Joe has not.

Puts on his coat and departs for a shave, returns, hangs up his coat,
Asserts, "Hot today. Another scorcher."
Studies the menu, frowns, shrugs in executive resignation, and puts it down—
no comment;
Has a glass of vermouth on the stroke of noon.

Declares, "Tell Joe I'll be back tonight," and puts on his coat;
Gives a final, disapproving survey, filled with the cares of the High Command;
Austerely, but forgivingly, departs.

—KENNETH FEARING

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them, but I did see the fourth begin to sway. It was Hurley.

He swayed at first with a circular motion and then from side to side. The back of his neck turned chalky white. The men on his flanks took a chance on being gigged themselves and leaned slightly toward him for support. That helped for a time. But then Hurley went down to his knees, stood up, went down again, and finally pitched forward. Whether it was sunstroke or heat prostration, he must have had it bad, because after he was carried away we heard the ambulance taking off. As a rule, it would be kept on the grounds for more customers.

THE experience, I thought, would take some of the starch out of Hurley. But that same evening I found him in 408, bracing Meriwether and Boyd. I stopped in the doorway.

"Mister Meriwether," he said, "let's see the buttons on that shirt pop. And suck in that nauseating gut. Suck. Mister, do you see any lavender spots before your eyes?"

"No, sir."

"Well, suck until you do."

Meriwether braced like a yogi, and Hurley turned to Boyd.

"Mister," he said, "do you know your definition of discipline?"

"Yes, sir."

According to honor-system rules, Hurley had to take Boyd's word for it, and he did. He said, "High time, Mister. Now let's hear about the position of the soldier and let's hear about it verbatim."

"Sir," Boyd said, "to take the position of attention place your heels together and on the same line. Allow your feet to turn out equally, forming an angle of forty-five degrees with each other. Keep your knees straight but without stiffness. Draw your hips up under your body slightly. Keep your chest up and your shoulders back. Do not allow one shoulder to be higher than the other. Keep your arms straight without stiffness, and hanging at your sides in such a way that your thumbs are always along the seams of your trousers. Turn the backs of your hands out away from your body and allow your hands and fingers to cup naturally. Always keep your eyes straight to the front. When standing properly the weight of your body will be divided equally between the heels and balls of both feet. When assuming the position of attention, bring your heels together smartly and audibly."

It was an astonishing performance. Boyd had not missed a word and I knew he must have stayed awake nights to get it down like that. Keeping his eyes properly glazed, he had droned off old Paragraph 87 as if the book had been in front of him. Then he clamped his chin down and hit a brace as good as Meriwether's.

"Excellent," Hurley said. "At ease, gentlemen. Which one of you is room orderly for the week?"

"Sir, I am," Boyd said.

Hurley pulled a white cotton glove out of his pocket and put it on with a deliberateness that was straight Erich von Stroheim. He bent down and ran a gloved finger along the bottom of Boyd's bedspring. Then he stood up and studied his outstretched middle finger. Without saying anything, he showed it to all three of us. The glove had a light smudge of dust on it. "Mister Boyd," he said, "when I come up here tomorrow I want that spring to shine. In the meantime, turn yourself in for a gig."

"Mister Hurley," I said, "go down to the orderly room and see if the first sergeant has finished the duty roster for tomorrow."

He left, and a couple of minutes later I followed him.

In the orderly room, I said, "You know damn well Boyd can't afford any gigs. He's still in the danger zone."

"A single gig won't matter one way or the other," Hurley said. "The trouble is, you're all still scared of master sergeant's stripes. I'm not. Just because the guy happened to stop a piece of shrapnel and got out of the real fighting on Bataan, he's little King Jesus in this squadron. As far as I'm concerned he's still got to prove he can take it. Real bracing, the kind my brother took at West Point, the kind I took last month, will bring out a yellow streak every time."

"You never had to take anything like the kind you're handing out."

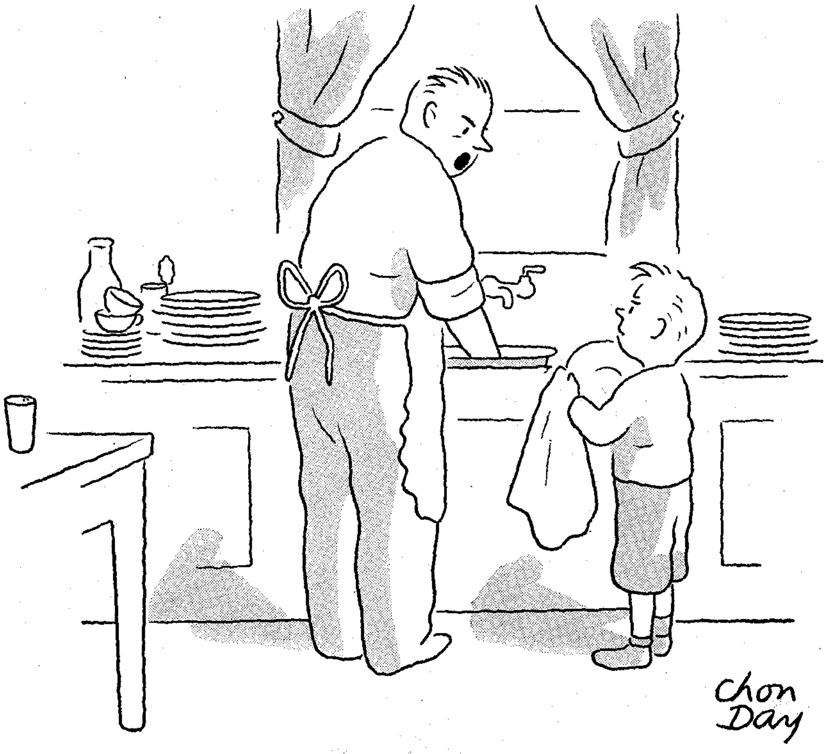
"Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. Maybe I just happen to think a man ought to work for his bars and prove he's got a right to wear them."

"I want to be there when they get to you Black Friday," I said.

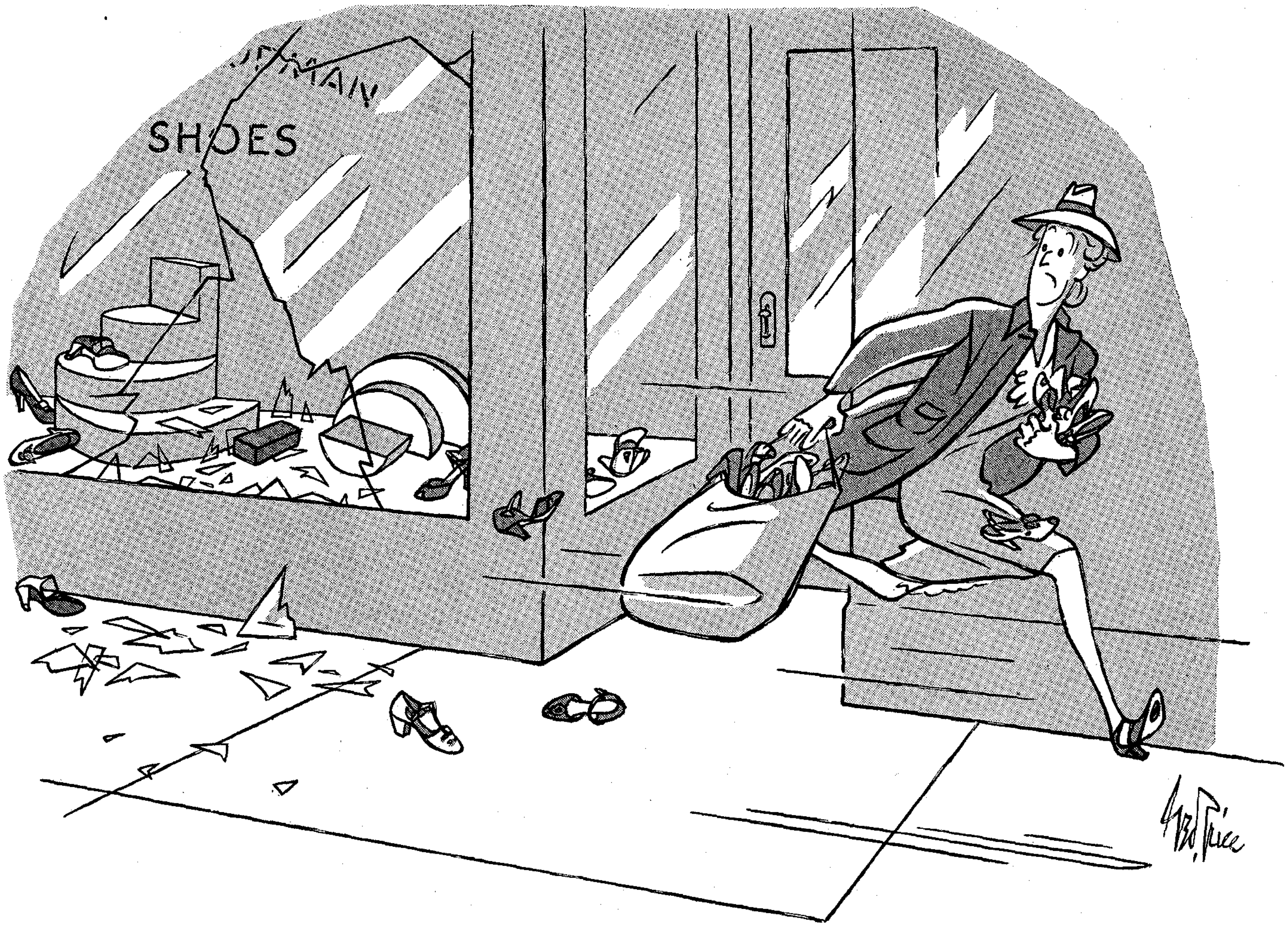
"Make sure you are," said Hurley. "You'll find out what an officer should act like under pressure."

ON Black Friday, four days before graduation, the lower class was given its chance to run the squadron from reveille to taps. True, such plans as the boys might have entertained had to be tempered by a reflection that the seniors were going to take over again until Tuesday. But we did stand the bracing formations, and they did have visiting privileges. A lot of us were interested in what would happen to Hurley.

I don't know where they apply the silent treatment to cadets, whether it's



"What are you grousing about? Your mother's earning overtime, isn't she?"



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at West Point or Annapolis, but whichever it is I found out that it can be a fairly deadly sort of thing. The lower class worked it on Hurley. When we lined up for bracing, I made a point of standing next to him. I hoped to see the fireworks, but nothing happened. No one said a word to him. What made it worse was that they braced me the way I had braced them.

Meriwether stopped in front of me and said, "Mister, suck in that gruesome gut. Shoulders back. Reach for the ground."

Instead of straining my arms I bent down and touched the ground.

"Very good," he said. He placed his thumbs between my shoulder blades. "Pinch that thumb."

I turned around and pinched his thumb with my fingers.

"Splendid. Mister, are your eyes roving? Don't you know you're supposed to keep them fixed on a point?"

"I'm keeping them on a moving point, sir."

"Splendid, splendid," said Meriwether. "Excellent. Mister, I'm putting you down for corps commander."

They ignored Hurley not only during the three bracing formations but also in the corridors. As lower classmen approached him, he would hit a brace against the nearest wall, as required, but they all passed him by without so much as giving him at ease. When visiting privileges were called, no one went near his room.

Hurley took it hard. I didn't hear him say anything, but he looked pretty grim, and one of the lower classmen, a kid named Fisher, told me that Hurley had asked him if he was scared of bracing a senior with four more days to go.

I missed my guess about those four days. I thought Hurley would lace it into the boys, but he didn't. He kept to himself and ignored them, if anything, even more ostentatiously than they had ignored him. Having failed in his effort to make men and officers out of a collection of natural-born G.I.'s, he withdrew with the dignity of the professional soldier vanquished by odds.

On graduation day there was a good deal of sentiment. We were glad to get out and the lower class was glad to see us go. Everybody wished everybody luck. According to squadron tradition, the lower class presented each of us with a set of gold-plated bars, and those who wished to present their gifts individually did so. Boyd brought me mine. I gave him the address of my new station and we both said we would write, knowing that we wouldn't.

A couple of months later I ran into one of his classmates, who told me that although John Boyd had remained in the danger zone throughout, he had been graduated in good order and sent to Salt Lake City. That meant he was on his way back into the Pacific Theatre and had a good chance to see his wife in Oahu. I never did find out whether she had written him or not.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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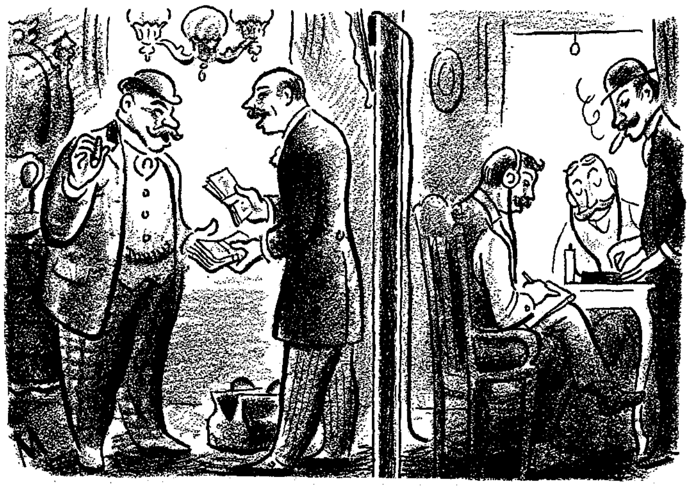
How far the court of Equity might now go in decreeing proper conveyances, or whatever it might do to sustain the sale made under its direction, as against the lessor of the Plaintiff claiming as the heir of his mother against the vendee of his father, who *jure mariti* was entitled to her share of the money raised by the sale, or claiming under his grandmother, who was a party to the suit, it is not for us, sitting where we are, to say.—*"Cases on Equity," by Edgar Durfee.*

Get up and try another seat.

PROFILES

PRIVATE DETECTIVE—II



Raymond C. Schindler, head of the Schindler Bureau of Investigation, was the first detective to use the dictograph, the worst of all intrusions on the privacy of criminals. In 1911 the new invention began to sit like an invisible district attorney at the secret meetings of lawbreakers. Its effect was terrific. For a while it threatened to spoil crime. Confidential conversations between pals leaked to the authorities. The most trusted miscreants accused each other of being stool pigeons. The invention was a timely one. During the period immediately before the dictograph came in, the aristocrats of the criminal world had become over-educated. Bribe-taking officials had learned all about marked bills. Smart crooks wouldn't talk business over the telephone. They wouldn't even talk business indoors before taking down the pictures to see if holes had been bored in the walls for eavesdroppers.

The dictograph was invented by a man named K. M. Turner. Thomas A. Edison was interested in it as a method of transmitting music but not as a method of getting evidence. Turner and Edison tried out the invention by piping opera from the Metropolitan Opera House to an office on West Forty-second Street. Schindler, then manager of the New York office of the William J. Burns detective agency, was invited by Turner to hear "Lohengrin" and discuss the use of the instrument in crime detection. Schindler became Turner's business representative. He developed standard microphone-concealing objects, including the dummy telephone and the art lamp. On the detective's advice, an assortment of six colors of wire was provided, so that one or another would be inconspicuous against almost any background. Although usually dressed up as a telephone or lamp in the early days, the instrument soon appeared in a variety of disguises. Schindler hid a dictograph in a monumental brass spittoon in the board room of a New York bank when he trapped a man who was trying to blackmail the bank president by threatening to expose a skeleton in his closet. One defect was disclosed when the device was used in the New York *World* office in an effort to trap an extortioner who was threatening to wreck the delivery system of the newspaper. The timbre of the man's voice blended with the rumbling of the presses, so his words didn't register distinctly. Turner insulated the microphone against vibration by mounting it in plaster. During the next interview the presses did not interfere and the extortioner was trapped.

Schindler's most important use of the dictograph in 1911 was during a graft cleanup in Atlantic City. The municipal political machine was composed of men who lived the year round at the resort. The victims of the machine were the hotelmen and other businessmen who operated there during the summer. The resident grafters spent twelve months thinking up schemes to rob the businessmen, whereas the businessmen spent only three or four months thinking up schemes to protect themselves; the sustained thinkers swept everything before them. Taxes were ruinous. Most of the tax money went to building and paving contractors, who stole about fifty per cent and divided it with the political machine. Businessmen couldn't join the machine. Politics was the exclusive preserve of the resident grafters and summer people were blackballed.

The crusading fervor of Theodore Roosevelt had incited businessmen all over the country to rebel against grafters during the first years of the century. A belated shot of the Roosevelt fervor inoculated the Atlantic City hotelmen. They secretly raised a fund to hire William J. Burns. At the time Burns himself was busy tracing labor-union propagandists who were dynamiting bridges and buildings to win public sympathy. The graft case was turned over to his New York manager. Schindler worked out a dummy project for a concrete walk which was to replace the Atlantic City boardwalk. The boardwalk was one of the greatest assets of the resort, because the wooden paving was easy on the feet, but that was a small point. Some of the local officials would have voted for a broken-beer-bottle walk if there had been enough graft in it.

Schindler engaged the late J. W. Howard, a noted civil engineer, to make preliminary studies for the proposed concrete walk. When the detectives were ready to lay the plan before the local officeholders, the Howard report furnished blueprints, charts, estimates, and other data needed to give an engineering solidity to the conversation. The man chosen as the decoy detective, or "roper," was Edward G. Reed, an operative with a personality that radiated plutocracy. A college graduate with legal training, he had spent more than ten years worming his way into the confidence of criminals and handing them over to the law. Schindler made unusual efforts to build an investigation-proof background for the roper. He provided the man with important banking connections and procured for him a standing with Dun & Bradstreet. He furnished him with a list of engineering projects which he was supposed to have executed and with witnesses to back it up. Since the Burns agency represented the American Bankers Association, Schindler had a large circle of friends among economic royalists, and he used them ruthlessly to establish the roper's status as a promotional colossus.

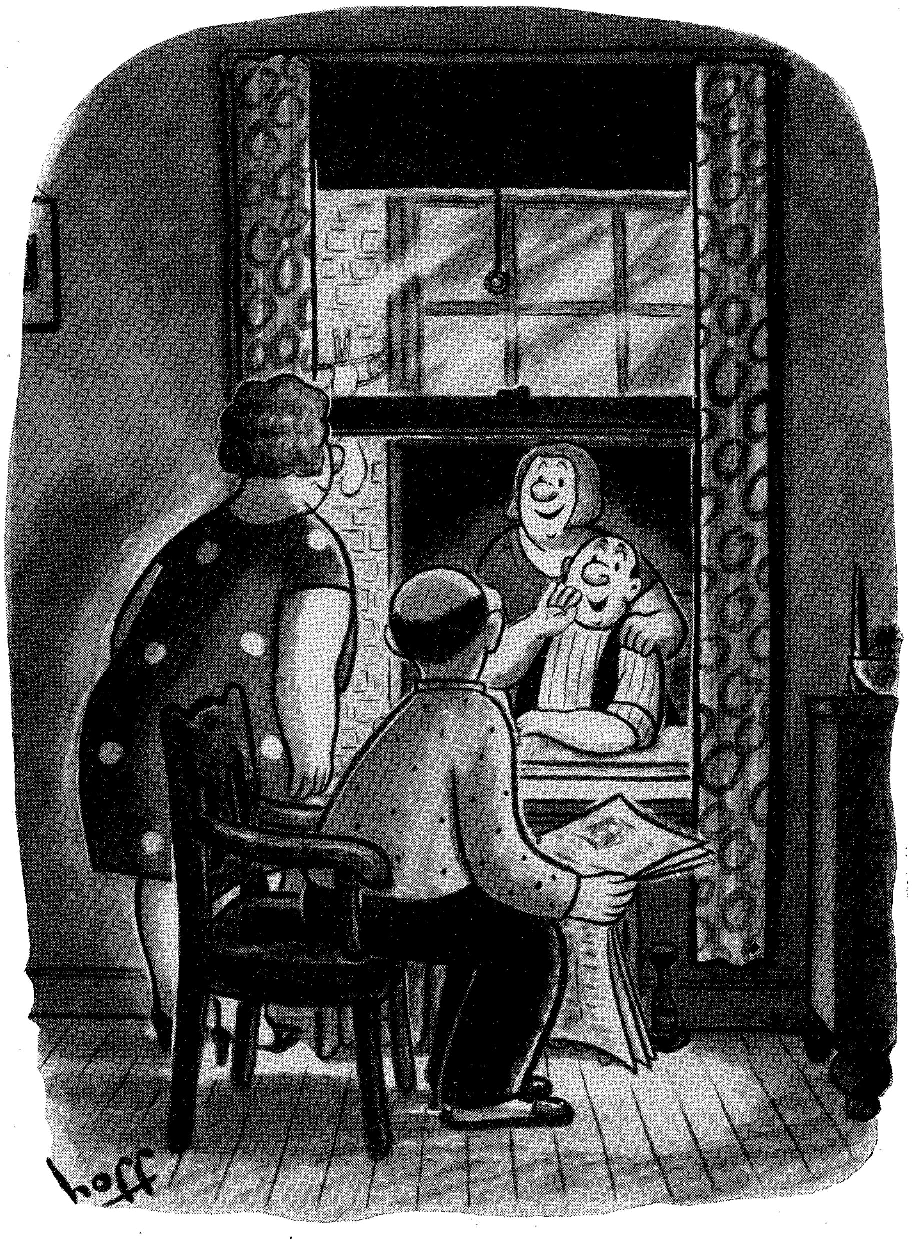
The roper took a suite of rooms at the Marlborough-Blenheim in Atlantic City and christened the project with a champagne party. Harvey Thomas, editor of the Atlantic City *Review*, who was a leader of the secret anti-graft organization, gave enthusiastic publicity to the proposed concrete walk. The late Louis Kuehnle, the boss of Atlantic City, became interested. So did certain members of the Council, the local legislative body. The roper made a habit of taking councilmen to New York for a good time. He spent several days a week with them at the Waldorf-Astoria in a suite that was studded with microphones. After an evening's roistering, they would discuss bribes. The roper expressed his willingness to pay a moderate amount of graft to the councilmen but raised doubts as to whether they would stand up and fight for the improvement. This always caused whoever was his guest to tell how loyal the councilmen were to their bribes. Stenographers at the other end of the dictograph wires filled notebooks with chapter and verse on Atlantic City corruption, all narrated for the purpose of proving that, once bought, a councilman stayed bought.

A small test of sincerity was agreed on. To clear the way for the big deal, it was necessary to amend an ordinance. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in bribes were to be paid later for the deal, but the roper was willing to give only around $1,000 apiece to interested councilmen for the amendment. In order that nothing unusual should come to the attention of the Atlantic City populace, it was agreed that the bribes should be paid in Trenton. Schindler took a room in Trenton for the roper and two adjoining rooms for detectives, stenographers, and representatives of the county attorney and state attorney general. Three days before the time set for the transaction, Boss Kuehnle cancelled the arrangements. He said that the sudden influx of a horde of free-spending councilmen into the sprier sections of Trenton would be certain to cause comment. He directed that the money should be passed in his own hotel, a small place which he operated near the railroad station in Trenton.

This change in plan created an emergency for Schindler. He hadn't bargained on being compelled to wire Boss Kuehnle's own hotel. The difficulty was that he didn't know where to place the dictograph. The roper couldn't move into a room there at an unreasonably early date without causing conjecture, yet it was essential to have the bribery room prepared in advance. Schindler sent a hurry call to New York for a swarm of operatives. They dropped in one at a time at the boss's hotel and took all the vacant rooms, and every time a bona-fide guest moved out, a detective moved in. Before this rush of custom the hotel had been only half full. Kuehnle hadn't thought of reserving accommodations for the roper. Just before the time for handing out the bribes, he suddenly discovered that his hotel was full. His perplexity lasted only a few minutes; one of the detective guests made a well-timed departure. The roper was assigned to the newly vacated room, which had been thoroughly wired. The two adjoining rooms were swarming with operatives, stenographers, and witnesses.

The councilmen came one at a time. The roper made a little presentation speech before handing over each bribe. Each councilman responded with a little speech of acceptance. Bribegiver and bribetaker emphasized how pleasing a sensation it was to work for their own pockets and for the future of America's playground at the same time. Then the roper counted out the money and had the grafter verify the count. As each councilman left, he was trailed by a detective. Within an hour after the ceremonies eight councilmen had been seized and the money grabbed away from them. A ninth councilman was arrested but had already hidden the money so successfully that it never was recovered. Confessions poured in. Most of the councilmen arrested pleaded guilty and were fined. Boss Kuehnle put up a hard fight but was sent to prison anyway. For a while Atlantic City enjoyed clean government.

BURNS had also been making spectacular use of the dictograph. By wiring the headquarters of the Iron Workers of America at Indianapolis, he had traced a series of dynamitings to the McNamara brothers, James B. and John J., and arrested them for blowing



"Why don't you come over this evening? It's a long time since we've had a good visit."

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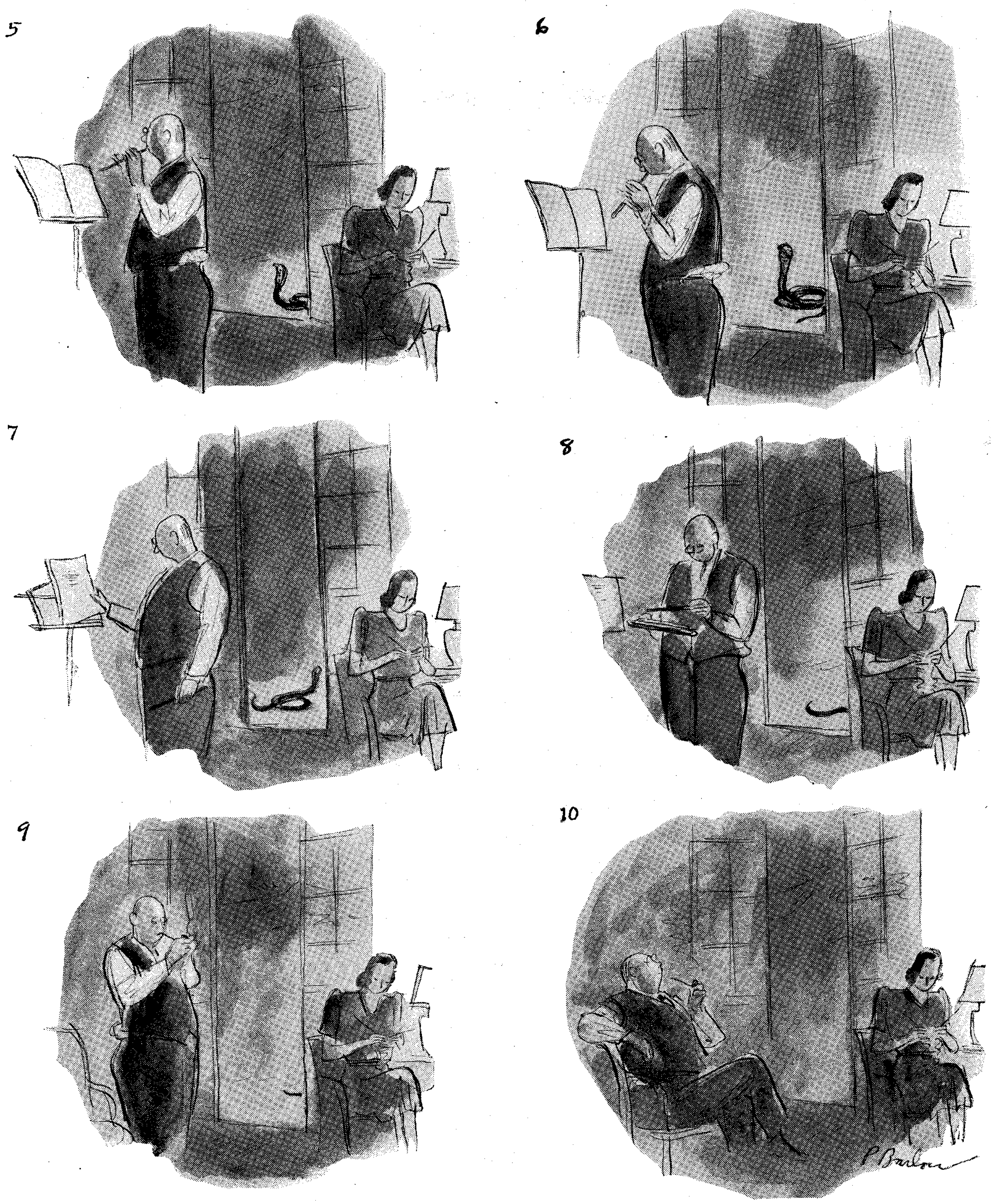
up the Los Angeles *Times* building on October 1, 1910, a disaster which killed twenty men. Working on the Eastern activities of the dynamite ring, Schindler obtained inside information which enabled him to prevent the destruction of High Bridge, over the Harlem River. The arrest of the McNamara boys was one of the biggest outrages that the radicals of America ever got their teeth into. It was worse than the Dreyfus case. Samuel Gompers toured the country telling of the lamblike sweetness of the persecuted brothers. The radical press promised a revolution if the railroading of the innocent boys was persisted in. Rallies were held at which thousands asked in unison, "Shall the McNamaras die?" If so, they warned, thirty million workingmen would know the reason why. They pointed out that the twenty victims were non-union men anyway, and claimed that the Los Angeles *Times* explosion was caused by leaking gas and that the newspaper blew itself up in order to lay the blame on organized labor. The McNamaras, who pleaded not guilty, went to trial on October 11, 1911. On December 1st they changed their pleas to guilty. Burns had equipped the cell of the McNamaras with dictographs and obtained enough evidence to make conviction a certainty. James B. got life imprisonment and John J. fifteen years. They were bitterly denounced for spoiling the American Dreyfus case just to avoid being hanged. Their lawyer, Clarence S. Darrow, was called a traitor to labor, although his fervor for the cause resulted in his being tried for attempting to bribe the jurors; he had a narrow squeak, escaping by virtue of a jury disagreement. Gompers and the other great union leaders recoiled from the affair in horror, but a coolness sprang up between labor and private detectives which has lasted to this day.

Around the same time Schindler also used the dictograph on Governor Coleman Blease of South Carolina, who had been suspected of practicing the old gubernatorial sideline of selling pardons. One of Blease's agents was sent to jail. The Governor went into political eclipse, from which, however, he managed to emerge and enter the United States Senate. Legislators, councilmen, and other officials were trapped by the dictograph in many parts of the country. Officialdom soon recognized the dictograph as a natural enemy. Anti-dictograph laws couldn't be made too strong to suit legislators. In general, it became a crime to trap a bribetaking official without his written permission.

As criminals again caught up with the times, the dictograph lost some of its bloom. After several years of unbroken success in dictograph work, Schindler met his first disappointment in Los Angeles. A candidate for public office in that city had taken a blonde on a vacation; a blackmailer threatened to expose the fact in the middle of the election campaign. Schindler wired a hotel room for a conference between the candidate and the blackmailer. Before uttering a word, the blackmailer searched the room, found a dictograph hidden in a radiator, and smashed it.



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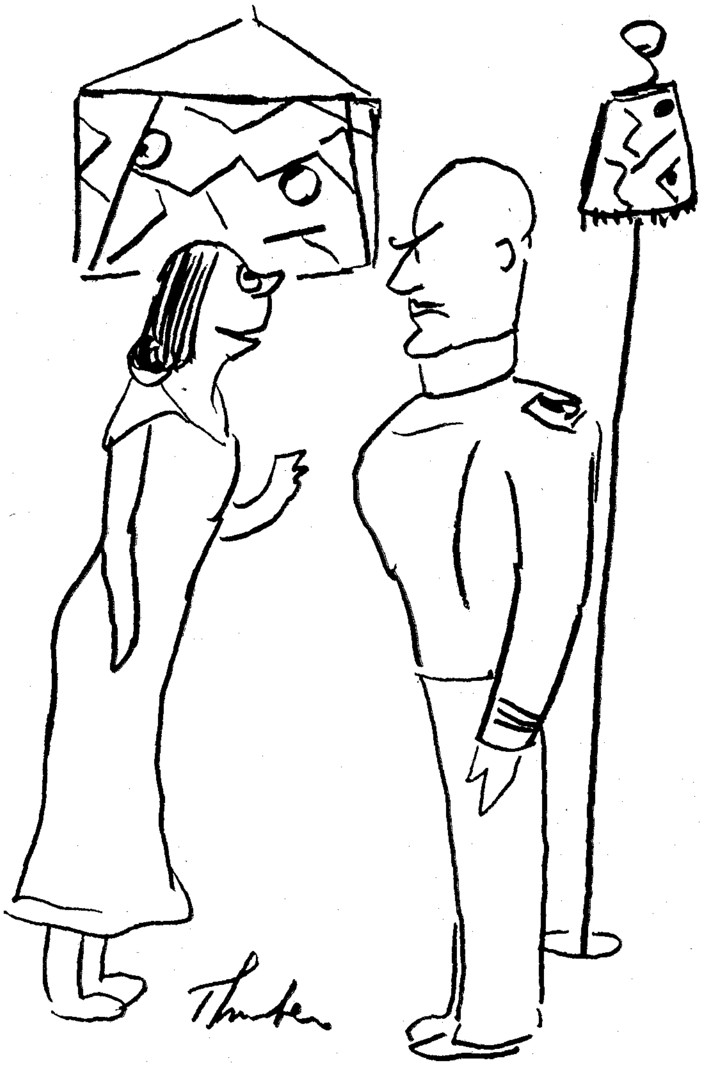
Schindler, however, obtained evidence against the blackmailer by other means. He had demanded $10,000 but compromised for $10.

In spite of restrictive laws and loss of novelty, the dictograph continued to be a busy little instrument. It bobbed up in unexpected places. A local boss in Westchester County who had had painful experiences with both the dictograph and telephone-tappers made a vow that he would never again talk business within four walls. District Attorney Lee Parsons Davis of Westchester County engaged Schindler to investigate reports that this boss was taking graft from gamblers and other lawbreakers. Schindler sent a roper to negotiate for permission to run a roulette wheel. Refusing to talk in a room, the boss took the roper on an automobile ride at night to a spot on a lonely road. The boss had a habit of holding conferences at exactly the same point on this road. Schindler, who knew about this, hid a dictograph in the boss's automobile and ran half a mile of wire from a farmhouse to a heap of leaves near the conference spot. Making an excuse to leave the auto, the roper coupled the wire from the dictograph to the wire among the leaves and returned to the auto. After a long discussion the roper came to terms. The dictograph record of the conference sent the boss to jail. When he learned that his own car had been wired, he said, "Next time I hold a conference, it'll be in a balloon."

AFTER managing the New York office of the Burns agency from 1909 to 1912, Schindler went into business for himself. He was joined by his brother, Walter S. Schindler, who had been manager of the Burns office in Boston. They were joined later by their father, John F. Schindler, who had been an insurance man in Cleveland. John F., now eighty-seven years old, is still the best investigator in the country in certain lines of work, according to Raymond. On hearing of a case in West Virginia which the octogenarian cracked in June of last year, Ripley did a believe-it-or-not about him.



"I could find the chink in your armor if I were given time."

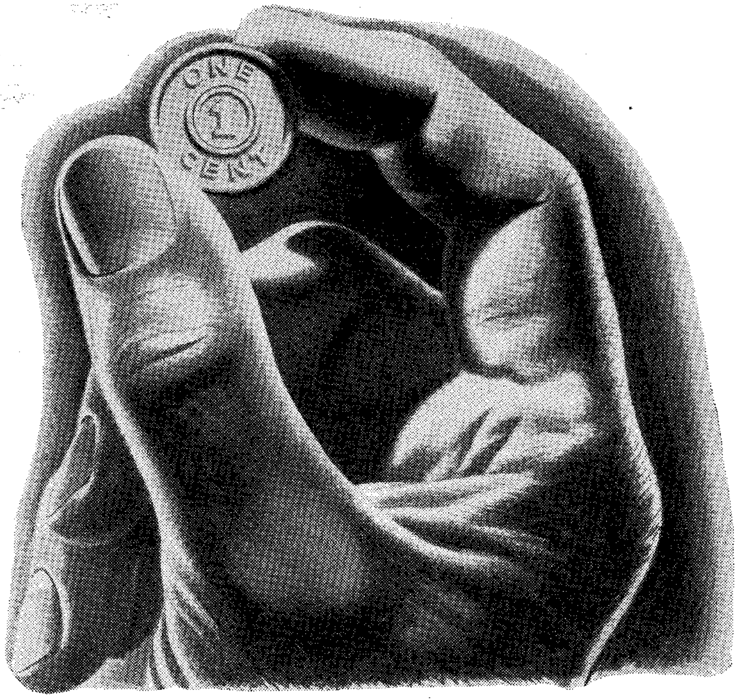
One of Schindler's first clients after he opened his own business was Byron E. Eldred, a research engineer. Placing operatives in Eldred's plant, Schindler discovered how some carefully guarded platinum had been disappearing. One night at dinner at Eldred's house, Schindler described his experiences in the Ruef-Schmitz case in San Francisco and in other important investigations. Among the guests was Warren Krechting, manager of the Manhattan Hotel. Shortly after this dinner the Reverend W. A. Wishart and Dr. Perry Schurtz, both of Grand Rapids, came to the Manhattan Hotel and asked Krechting to recommend a private detective. The hotelman named Schindler. The Grand Rapids men put Schindler to work on the Arthur Warren Waite case, one of New York's murder classics.

Arthur Warren Waite, a member of a respectable family living near Grand Rapids, had graduated from the school of dentistry of the University of Michigan in 1909. He then went abroad, returning to Grand Rapids in 1915. In his five years abroad he had left ordinary dentistry far behind. When he returned, he wrote nine letters after his name, indicating that he was a specialist in several branches of dental surgery. He was reported to be a miracle man at operations which only a few of the masters could perform. He was also one of the best tennis players in the country. He was full of culture and charm and could quote poetry by the hour. People wondered how he had perfected himself along so many lines in the short space of five years. Dr. Waite answered this question by modestly giving the impression that he was a genius. He had a delicate face, with eyes of a fawnlike gentleness, boyish dimples, and ornately curved lips, which smiled into lines of deep concern and sympathy. In 1915 he married Clara Peck, daughter of John E. Peck, a wealthy drug manufacturer of Grand Rapids. They came to New York to live. The bride's mother visited them. She died. The bride's father visited them. He died.

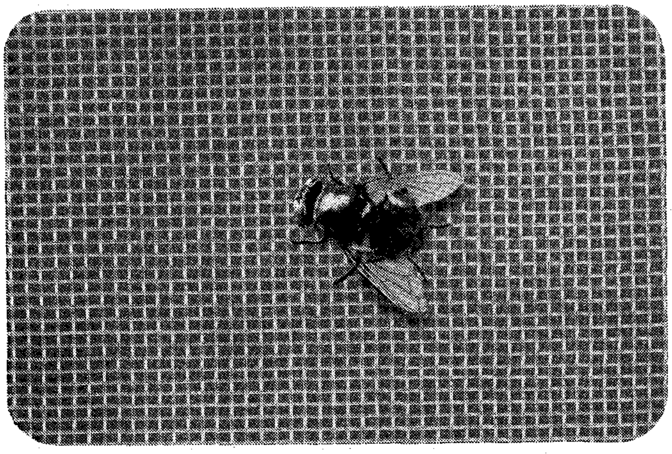
The father's funeral was held in Grand Rapids on March 16, 1916, the day before the two men came to New York to see Schindler. Dr. Schurtz was the Peck family physician, the Reverend Mr. Wishart was pastor of the church which the family attended. They had come to investigate a telegram signed "K. Adams," which had been sent to Percy Peck, brother of the bride. It read, "SUSPICIONS AROUSED. DEMAND AUTOPSY. KEEP TELEGRAM SECRET." The telegram was the result of a remarkable piece of armchair detective work by Mrs. A. L. C. Hardwicke of Somerville, New Jersey, a relative of the Pecks. Her brother, Dr. Jacob Cornell, had called at Waite's apartment on Riverside Drive after hearing of John Peck's death. The bereaved son-in-law, who had formerly overwhelmed the New Jersey relatives with his politeness and correctness on all occasions, came to the door in his shirtsleeves, spoke brusquely to the caller, and didn't invite him in. Dr. Cornell went back to Somerville and told his sister about it. Covering a long series of logical steps in one leap, Mrs. Hardwicke privately concluded that Waite was a murderer.

Dr. Cornell had no such thought. He considered it natural that the young man should have been upset. Knowing that her brother would be scandalized by her suspicions, Mrs. Hardwicke did not mention them to him. After he had gone to bed, she reminded other members of the family that Mr. and Mrs. Peck had appeared to be in good health before visiting the son-in-law, that within six weeks they had both died suddenly at the son-in-law's house, and that half the Peck estate would be inherited by the daughter and get into the son-in-law's hands. The excessively polite son-in-law's momentary lapse from politeness was the crowning proof of guilt, in the opinion of Mrs. Hardwicke. Her opinion prevailed in the family group. After hours of discussion they decided to send a telegram to Percy Peck. They spent further

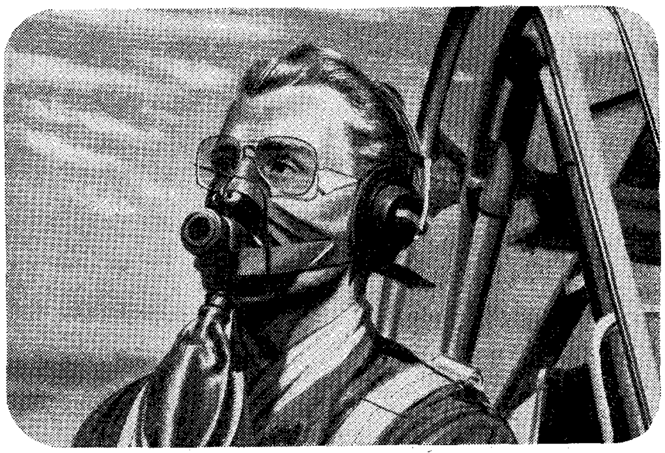
What next—PLASTIC PENNIES?



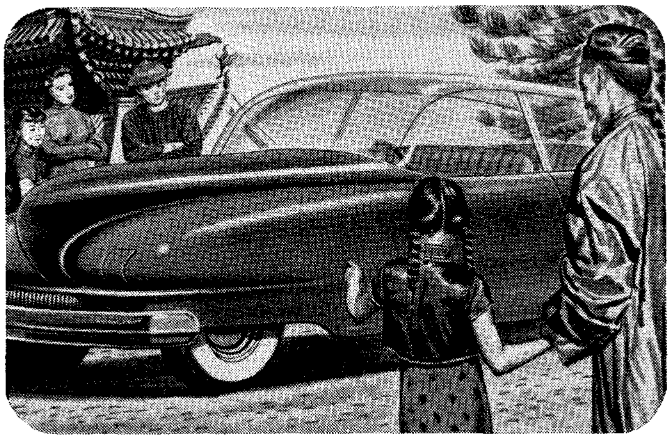
1 It wouldn't surprise us. They're already making plastic tax tokens, and before very long there will be few things you *can't* make out of this magic new substance. Here at Taylor we get a preview of many plastic discoveries, because we supply the instruments that control their manufacture from basic materials to finished products...



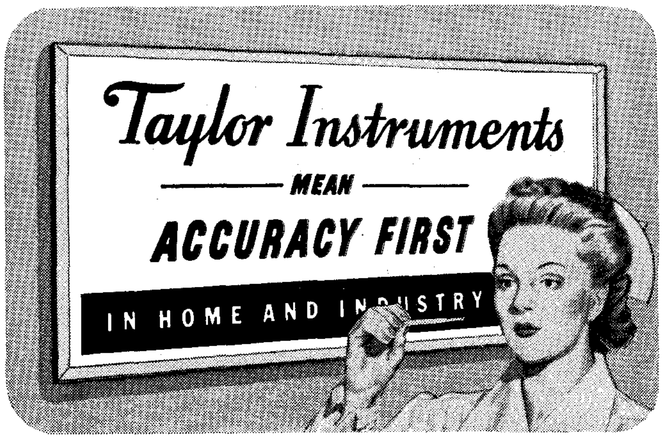
2 Plastic fly screens are already on the market—as strong as steel and can't rust or corrode. Light-weight plastic bathtubs, that won't sag out of place, are on the way. Floors will look like wood—yet never need polishing. Many other inventions, now military secrets, will be made for *you* with Taylor's help after the war.



3 Meanwhile Taylor Accuracy helps make things like this substratosphere mask. Gives pilots a steady flow of oxygen and keeps 'em comfortable at 40,000 feet, with no metal to freeze to the face, no moving parts to ice and stick. Out of this may come—who knows?—a new idea for preserving food. Or a better mousetrap!



4 When you drive to China by way of the Alaskan highway and the ferry to Siberia, you can thank Taylor Accuracy for the view through the transparent plastic top. Equally exciting in their own way are the Stormoguides and other instruments Taylor is planning for your new home. Meanwhile, we make swell fever thermometers!



5 If you have Taylor Instruments in your plant, you'll be better set for postwar planning, because their flexibility and unit construction make them easily adaptable to new processes. For quick help on war production, call your Taylor Field Engineer! Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada.

hours wording it and rewording it, feeling they were taking a dangerous step. They feared that Dr. Waite, if innocent, might sue; they felt also that they might be blamed for causing a scandal. For these reasons, K. Adams, a fake name, was signed to the telegram. After much deliberation it was decided that Mrs. Hardwicke's daughter, Elizabeth, should send it. She was a minor and owned no property. They all felt that she could not be successfully sued.

Percy Peck received the telegram in Grand Rapids while awaiting the arrival of his father's body. It caused him to see many things in a new light. He remembered that Dr. Waite had induced the family to cremate the body of Mrs. Peck, a procedure which naturally destroys evidence of poisoning. It occurred to him that the family knew little about Waite beyond his own statements. He called the clergyman and the family physician into consultation. It was agreed that an investigation must take place but that it should be handled in such a way that if the suspicions were unfounded Dr. Waite would not be involved in a scandal. On that account it was decided to engage a private detective. Within a few hours of the two men's arrival in New York, Schindler had evidence that Waite was not what he pretended to be. The man was unknown at the hospital where he had supposedly performed his remarkable operations.

By three o'clock next morning many points had been accumulated in support of the K. Adams telegram. At that hour Schindler decided to search the apartment of Dr. Waite, who was due back in New York from Grand Rapids six hours later. The apartment house was owned by the late Joseph Paterno, the real-estate man, who lived on the premises. A little after 3 A.M., Schindler was ringing his doorbell. Paterno refused to open the door. Schindler tried to explain that he and the Grand Rapids men were there on a mission of great importance. Paterno told them to go away. The detective continued to shout his explanations, but Paterno had gone back to his bedroom. Schindler rang and rang. Two policemen, summoned by Paterno, arrested Schindler and his companions. Although they refused to explain their business to the police lieutenant at the precinct station, he was satisfied with their credentials and let them go, but he warned them that if they bothered Paterno any more at that hour they would be subject to arrest for disturbing the peace.

On their release the three men returned immediately and again started ringing Paterno's doorbell. Again refusing to open the door, Paterno threatened to have them rearrested. Later the real-estate man explained his stubborn refusal to see his insistent visitors. He had lost $3,000 in a poker game a few nights before and given his check for that amount. Thinking it over, he had decided that he had been swindled and had stopped payment on the check. The disappointed gambler had then declared that if the money wasn't paid by March 17th he would cut Paterno's heart out. When three strangers called at three o'clock in the morning of March 18th, Paterno thought what anybody would think under the circumstances.

When the men refused to leave the second time, Mrs. Paterno called the police again. She came away from the phone to tell her husband that the lieutenant said the men were not thugs but respectable people. Paterno finally opened the door and Schindler explained things. He pointed out that an immediate search of the Waite apartment might clear up the case and that delay would enable Waite to destroy the evidence against him, if any existed. Paterno hesitated. "I never liked his looks," said Mrs. Paterno. That settled it. Her husband opened up the Waite apartment.

During the search Schindler examined the library in Waite's apartment. One book, concealed behind some others, was a treatise on poisons. It opened automatically to a page headed "Arsenic." Among Waite's effects was a quantity of glass slides which had been used in cultivating colonies of bacteria. In a desk was a notebook of addresses; twenty operatives were tracing them later in the day. On one page was a series of numbers. Schindler used it on a wall safe concealed behind a picture; it was the combination. The safe contained several bankbooks, indicating that Waite possessed unsuspected wealth. It also contained a key to his safe-deposit box. The box, examined later in the day, after the president of the bank had heard the detective's story, was stuffed with money and securities. It was subsequently found that the source of Waite's wealth was Miss Catherine Peck, a millionaire aunt of his wife's who lived in New York. Enchanted by her talented nephew-in-law, she had given him $100,000 to invest for her and had let him manage her other investments. He had been robbing her frantically.

The search of the apartment continued until it was nearly time for Waite to arrive on the Wolverine. The clergyman and physician, hastily equipped with mustaches, wigs, and borrowed overcoats and hats, mingled with the crowd in Grand Central Station and identified Waite for Schindler and his operatives. The detectives had four automobiles waiting outside so that the dentist's trail could be picked up, no matter what exit he used. Waite, however, spoiled these arrangements by going to a telephone booth in the Hotel Biltmore. Schindler, in the adjoining booth, heard him call the Hotel Plaza and tell somebody to move out immediately because an emergency had arisen. The party at the Plaza was later found to be a brunette whom Waite was maintaining. Waite had apparently surmised from the demeanor of Percy Peck and other people in Grand Rapids that he was under suspicion.

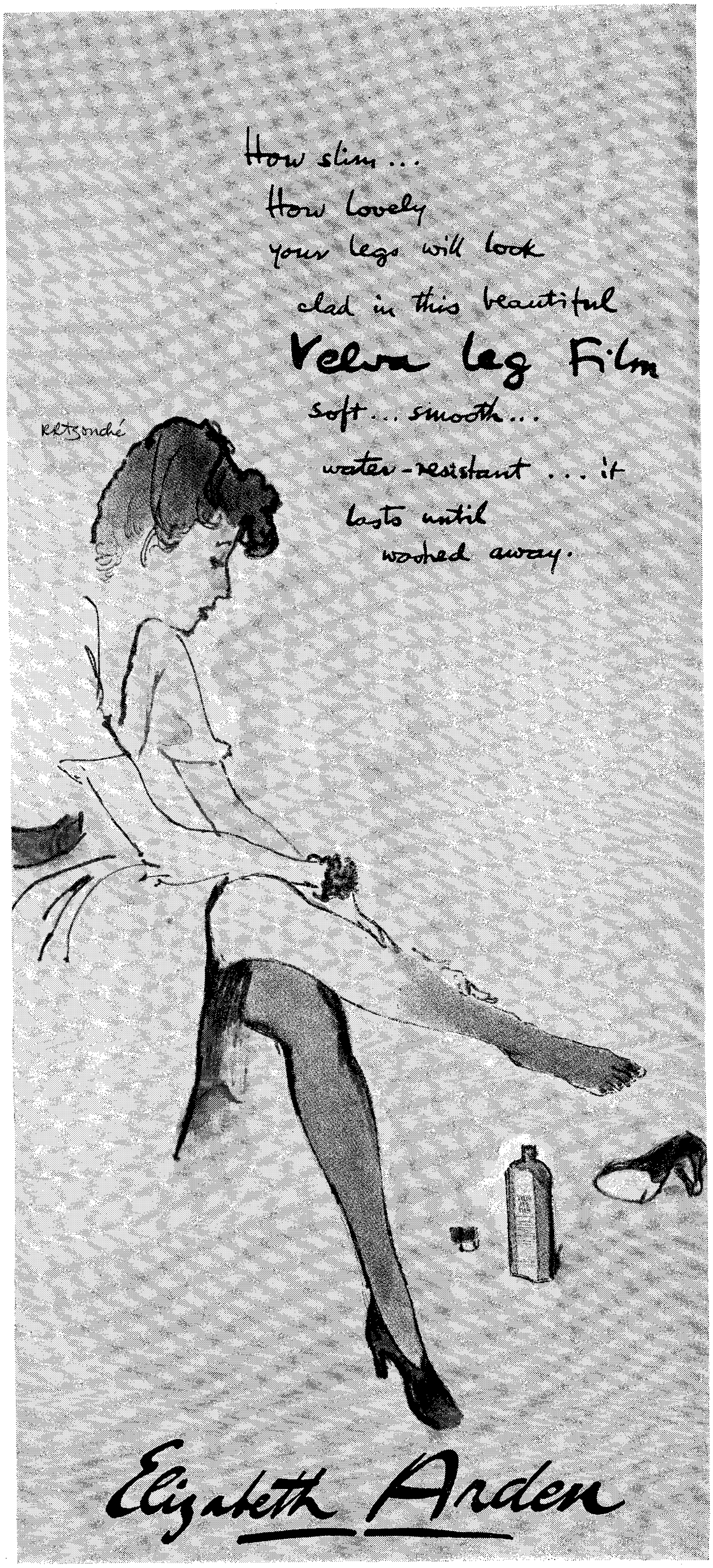
Schindler's operatives continued to shadow Waite. He went to an armory, where he arranged to take part in a tennis tournament the following week; to a garage, where, it was later revealed, he paid an undertaker $9,000 to swear that arsenic had been used in embalming the body of Mr. Peck; to St. George's Church, where, with Aunt Catherine Peck, he attended a service of hymn and prayer; and to the Berlitz School of Languages, where he met his dark lady. Clues found in Waite's apartment opened many fields of research. Letters from South Africa led to inquiries there; it was soon established that Waite had not been a specialist but a circuit-riding dentist who practiced at one-week stands in small South African towns, and that he had been employed later by a dealer in dental supplies until he was caught stealing gold and platinum. He had avoided prison by promising to reform.

Light was quickly thrown on how he spent his time in New York while he was supposed to be performing delicate operations. Because a tendency to premature grayness ran in his family, he had his head worked on several hours a week by specialists who guaranteed to preserve his wavy, blue-black hair. He also spent several hours a week at a laboratory, where he studied bacteriology, with special reference to typhoid and anthrax. His first attempts at murder had been made, he confessed later, on Aunt Catherine, whose fortune his wife would inherit. He had placed billions of deadly germs in her soup, but they only caused her to scold her cook. He put ground glass in her marmalade, but it only caused her to scold her grocer. After repeated assaults on the old lady's impregnable constitution, he had given up in a mood of discouragement and self-pity.

One murder would have brought the aunt's fortune under Waite's control. It would take two murders to bring the fortune of his wife's parents under his control. His respect for the aunt's constitution made him believe that it would be simpler to kill the other two. But he was bitterly disappointed; his arsenal of germs failed again. Then he thought wet sheets and drafts might dispose of his elderly parents-in-law, but this treatment only gave them colds. Then he sprayed their throats with anthrax, but this seemed only to benefit them. He studied chemistry and then subjected them to homemade chlorine gas, but it did no harm. He finally lost faith in science and killed them with arsenic.

The hours that he could spare from hair culture and bacteriology he spent with the brunette, a singer who had appeared on the stage. They both studied French and German at the Berlitz School. As he confessed later, he intended to have another try at the rugged aunt. Then he intended to kill his wife. With an inheritance running into the millions, he planned to settle in Paris and practice the art of living. He studied the languages furiously and made the brunette study furiously so that they could impress foreigners with their culture.

Although many decorative details were still missing, Schindler built up a strong murder case in two days. He laid the facts before District Attorney Edward H. Swann, who sent Dr. Otto H. Schultze, the greatest of medical examiners, to Grand Rapids. The internal organs of Mr. Peck had been removed before his burial and were awaiting analysis. Solving the case in two days was bad art. Mystery-writers always confuse their detectives with false clues and a multitude of suspects. Most authors think it best to keep the detective moping and mooning around until the murderer has killed three or four



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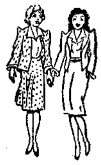

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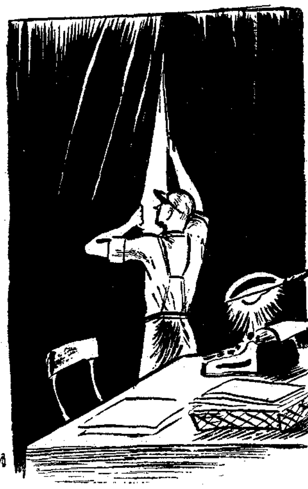
extra victims. Quick action is the enemy of suspense.

A dramatic complication was, however, abruptly introduced into the Waite case after it had been solved but before any move had been made to arrest the criminal. District Attorney Swann got the idea that Waite was innocent. Swann was a rare combination of a highly respectable man and a Tammany politician. Tammany loves respectable men who are politically reliable. Tammany was grooming Swann for Governor. This usually makes an official self-conscious. After sending Dr. Schultze to Grand Rapids, the District Attorney began to fear that he had acted precipitately. To engage in a wild-goose chase might render him ridiculous. Swann wanted to be sure that he was right, so he sent for Dr. Waite and asked him if he had killed his mother-in-law and father-in-law. Waite said no. Swann was greatly relieved. He wired Dr. Schultze to drop the case and come home. Swann asked Waite about the dark number at the Hotel Plaza. The dentist replied cheerfully that he was a man of the world. After some amiable chitchat, Swann told the young fellow how the overzealous Schindler had been keeping shadows on his trail. Reporters learned that Dr. Waite had been summoned to the District Attorney's office. Swann told them that Dr. Waite was a gentleman and that there was nothing against him.

Leaving the District Attorney's office, Waite stopped the man who was shadowing him. "You don't need to bother any more," he said. "The District Attorney has given me a clean bill of health." Schindler telephoned to Swann for an explanation. "You can make a fool of yourself if you want to," said Swann, "but I'm not going to."

Swann's telegram to Dr. Schultze was late in reaching him. The organs had been sent to a medical laboratory



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at Ann Arbor. Dr. Schultze was at work there when he received the order to come home. He completed his analysis and wired, "FOUND ENOUGH ARSENIC TO KILL TWENTY MEN."

In the meantime, with the help of the landlord, Schindler had entered Waite's apartment the day after the District Attorney absolved the dentist. Waite was in a dazed state. He had either taken an overdose of sleeping medicine or made an ineffectual attempt at suicide. In his hazy mental condition he made a full confession, which he confirmed when his mind cleared. Swann, who by then had received Dr. Schultze's wire, arrived with an entourage of reporters and photographers. After getting a few facts from Schindler, he gave an interview and posed for the photographers. "It's the crime of the century, boys," he said.

Waite pleaded not guilty, on the ground that he was a moral idiot. He was convicted and died in the electric chair. He put in his last night in the death house reading "Endymion."

One department of the private-detective business is the investigation of prospective sons-in-law. The Waite case caused a boom in this department.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the second of three articles on Mr. Schindler.)

•

Page-st, 832, Mrs. V.M.L.—Will exchange Hoover attachments, wine colored velvet suit, size 38, with lace blouse, for yellow singing canary.—*Adv. in the San Francisco News.*

You'll wish you had those attachments when the seeds start falling.

•

They were denied school privileges after refusing to comply with a school regulation requiring pupils to recite, with hand outstretched to the flag, these words:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, inadvisable, with liberty and justice for all."

—*The World-Telegram.*

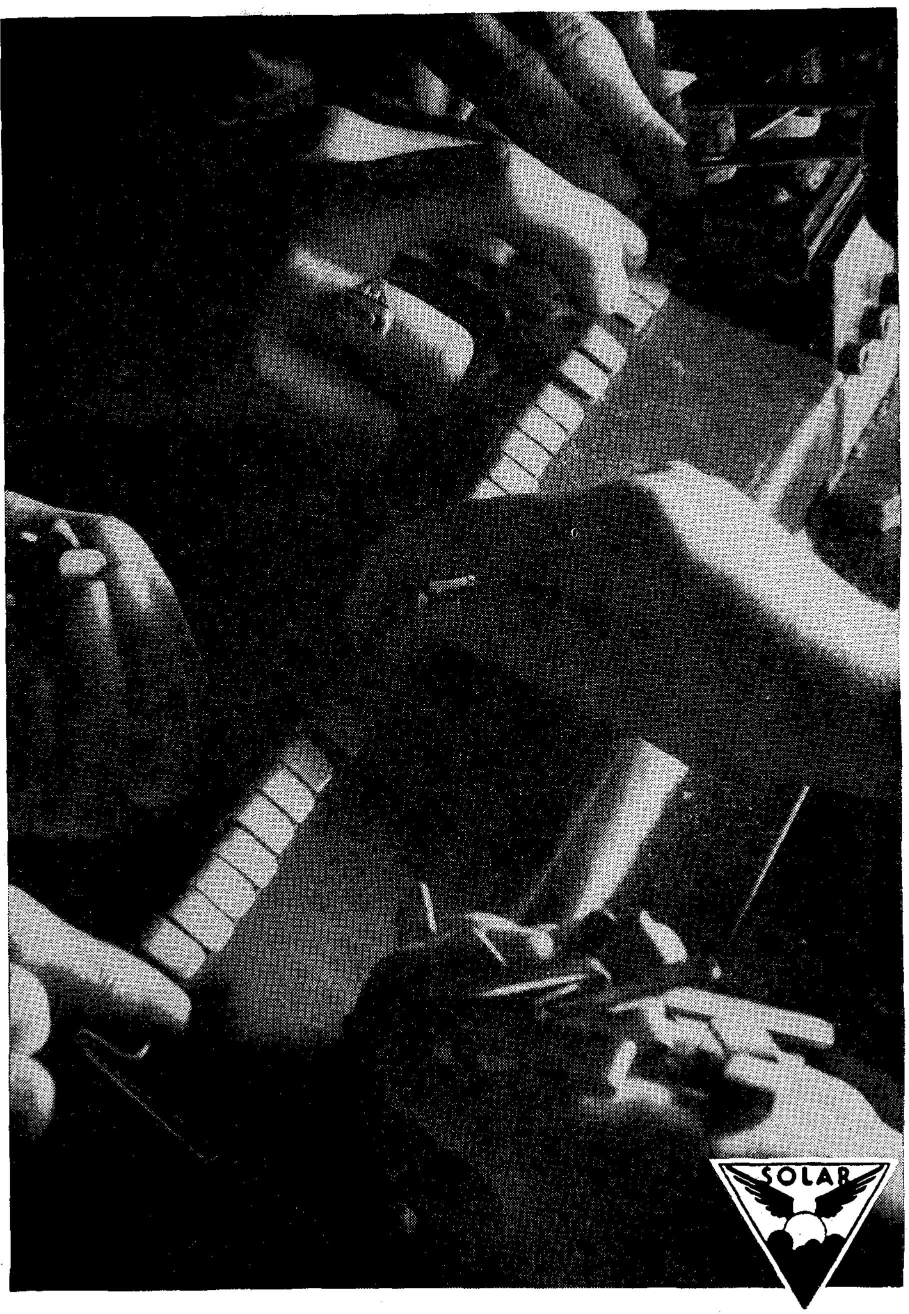
Children are often right.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the Minneapolis Morning Tribune]

As for Kashey, he went entirely too far in his efforts to prove himself the Frankenstein of wrestling. He was completely out of line when he knocked down Referee Wally Karbo, kicked him in the face, ripped his shirt to shreds and hurled a chair at the referee as he was leaving the ring.



Helping Hands are Fighting Hands!

Trigger fingers of fighting men depend on the willing, efficient production fingers of American industry. That is why American industry at its best means talent and hard work as well as plants and tools. Men and women of Solar believe in that definition. They are setting an example of industrious production for Victory making untold numbers of "anti-monoxide" exhaust manifolds for our fighting planes.

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THE ARMY LIFE

XXXIV—FULL OF FISH

SOLDIERS assigned to duty in the Caribbean Area, as I am at present, are considered to be on foreign service and accordingly receive overseas pay and are authorized to wear a red-white-and-blue ribbon signifying that they are stationed in the Americas but beyond the boundaries of the United States. Many of the men I have met since leaving Miami have been in the Army for a reasonably long time and thus may also wear the yellow Defense ribbon, to which anyone who was on active duty during the national emergency between September 8, 1939, and December 7, 1941, is entitled. This particular ribbon, being in many instances a reward for nothing more heroic than a low draft number, is not held to be of exceptional value by those who sport it and is frequently known in decorated circles by disrespectful names. When I was in Australia a few months ago, it was called the per-diem ribbon, a reference to the fact that it was habitually worn by officers prevented from earning gaudier badges by sedentary assignments for which they received daily expense money in addition to their normal emoluments. In Panama, I discovered recently, the ribbon is sometimes called lend-lease, but no one seems to know why.

A few soldiers who have been in Panama since long before Pearl Harbor, and who are somewhat irked that their constant watchfulness over the delicate and inestimably valuable mechanism of the Canal has been enlivened by nothing more exciting than the same rumors of impending enemy action you might hear in a Fort Bragg latrine, have gone so far as to suggest that their two undistinguished awards might well be augmented by a third—a Caribbean Defense Medal, whose design would incorporate a brick, gold in color, flanked by twin blue moons. The symbolism of this pattern is wryly obvious to any soldier in Panama. The gold brick, a term used throughout the Army to denote loafing on the job, is a reminder that his work often seems discouragingly similar to that of a sentry keeping an endless and uneventful vigil beside some irreplaceable crown jewels; the blue moons refer, in the same self-deprecating vein, to some of the tawdrier aspects of his off hours. "Blue moon" is a name variously applied to a minute, non-alcoholic drink furnished in night clubs, and to the young ladies who consume this nectar at an expensive pace. Blue-moon girls, of all colors and nationalities, scuttle thirstily around the cafés, whose patrons are usually male and alone. These girls, or hostesses, have the orthodox and profitable arrangement with the management by which they receive a cut on all the drinks their charms can persuade a customer to buy them. The drinks are priced at a dollar apiece, and an experienced bartender can coax seven of them out of a single bottle of Coca-Cola.

ONE of the main contributions of the quiz program to American knowledge has been the nearly universal awareness of the odd geographical realities that Reno, Nevada, is west of Los Angeles and that, because of the serpentine nature of the Isthmus of Panama, the Atlantic Ocean is west of the Pacific. In this curving neck of land that separates Central from South America there are several geographical peculiarities. Until I got down to this region, I had never fully understood the precise relationship of Panama, a fiercely independent republic, to the Canal Zone, which is so thoroughly run by the United States government that no private enterprise, not even a hot-dog stand, may be operated within it. The Zone, I soon found, is a narrow band, ten miles wide most of the way, that divides one half of the Republic from the other. The Canal runs down the middle of the Zone, with five miles of land, leased in perpetuity to the United States, on both sides of it. Though the line of demarcation has been carefully defined by the governments of the United States and Panama, it often leads to situations as complicated and confusing as those confronting people whose houses are built on the border lines between dry and wet states. At each terminus of the Canal the Zone narrows considerably and there are two adjoining cities: Balboa (Canal Zone) and Panama City (Republic) on the Pacific, and Cristobal (Canal Zone) and Colón (Republic) on the Atlantic. Sometimes people who have been around for months still can't say with assurance in what city of what country they are standing, and even the seemingly stable establishment known as the Hotel Washington, on the Atlantic side, is so doubtful of its rightful address that it has "Colón" marked on its napkins and "Cristobal" on its bedsheets. Soldiers have perhaps more reason than other people to worry about which area they are in: they are required to wear neckties in the Republic but may saunter through the Zone open-collared. A sightseer familiar with this regulation but unaware that a street patriotically called Fourth of July Avenue separates Ancon (Canal Zone) and Panama City could probably guess that he was going along a boundary by observing that military ties were in vogue principally on its Panamanian sidewalk.

Garrett Price

The dominant language of Panama is Spanish; the language of the Zone is English. Since comparatively few of the residents of either section are fluent in both tongues, it is a common practice to express everything of importance in both. Night-club masters of ceremonies make the same unfulfilled promises of sensational attractions in Spanish and English. The Panamanian newspapers consist impartially of two sections, one in each language, and the comic strips are nicely apportioned between the two sections. For instance, in one paper Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers flash and buck in English; the adventures of Superman, Tarzan, and Dick Tracy are chronicled, on the following pages, in Spanish, along with a sentimental episode in the life of one Ana la huérfana, pictorially identifiable as Little Orphan Annie.

The soldiers down here, all in all, have little difficulty with languages, finding it no problem to decipher the meaning of "*licores*" on a store sign when right next to it is thoughtfully printed the word "liquor." Newcomers who are philologically inclined soon discover that the name "Panama" has nothing to do with "pan-American." The name is etymologically indebted to neither English nor Spanish but to an old Indian dialect, and it means, simply, "full of fish." Fishing, by the way, is a less flourishing trade than it was before the war. Many of the men who used to dabble in it—perhaps extracurricularly, it has since appeared—were Japanese.

Panama City and Colón used to

thrive on the tourist trade. Curio shops and bars abound along their streets. These days the casual visitors are few and the places are patronized by servicemen, civilian employees of the Canal, Important People travelling back and forth between the States and South America, and, of course, some Panamanians who do not seem to mind living beside a potentially explosive ribbon of water so long as its guardians continue their brisk and agreeable purchasing habits.

Unlike the residents of other countries, in whose midst the appearance of American soldiers during the war has been a distinct novelty, Panamanians are perfectly accustomed to the ways of the United States Army, having had elements of it around for forty years doing exactly what they are doing now—protecting the Canal. Right after Pearl Harbor, when it was thought that anything could happen, the U. S. troops down here expected an attack almost hourly. Though it would take considerably less than an hour for them to go into action, they are becoming gloomily resigned to the probability that the turning tide of the war is daily decreasing their chances of ever carrying out the defensive measures they have so resolutely practiced.

THE ordinary soldier in Panama knows practically nothing about the intricacies of the Canal's operations, except that such matters are highly secret and that he is supposed to look the other way and pretend demurely not to notice anything if he should see an aircraft carrier, say, edging gingerly through one of the locks. He does know, however, that he belongs to one of the most concentrated military forces in existence. There are undoubtedly more Army installations in the vicinity of the Canal than in any other American area of similar size, and this massed array of strength has given rise to a story about an artillery commander who asked the engineers to build some more hills, feeling that those provided by nature, numerous as they are, could not possibly accommodate all the anti-aircraft guns he wanted to install.

Today the guns are waiting, manned by soldiers who would probably enjoy an unsuccessful attack—unsuccessful, mind you—on these formidable defenses more than they do the undeniably necessary but dreadfully monotonous job of standing by as strategically significant but remote spectators of a war they are afraid they are too powerful to get into.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Nazis have stepped up the speed of their submarines. The U-boats are now making wonderful time from their bases to the bottom of the sea.

•

British and American fliers increased their record for bad marksmanship last month. Every time they aimed at a cultural monument, they hit a dam, factory, or railroad yard.

•

Congressmen are planning to go home for a rest soon. Presumably they're completely exhausted from their arduous work of raising money, hell, and the price of groceries.

•

Reports from Berlin indicate that Goebbels has not made as much use of the American coal trouble as might have been expected. He probably feels that the word "strike" is not one to be bandied about carelessly in German territory.

•

Washington has often been called "the city of magnificent distances." At the moment the distance between the White House and the Capitol is more magnificent than ever.

•

In the fiscal year just ended, the government spent seventy-six billion dollars. There were, in addition, a few odd millions used for making change.

•

People may get home a little late on paydays from now on. No wage-earner can be given a pay envelope until Secretary Morgenthau gets his hand out of it.

•

These are the days when doctors issue their regular warnings about avoiding too much sunlight. Mr. Ickes ought to pass the warnings on to his coal miners.

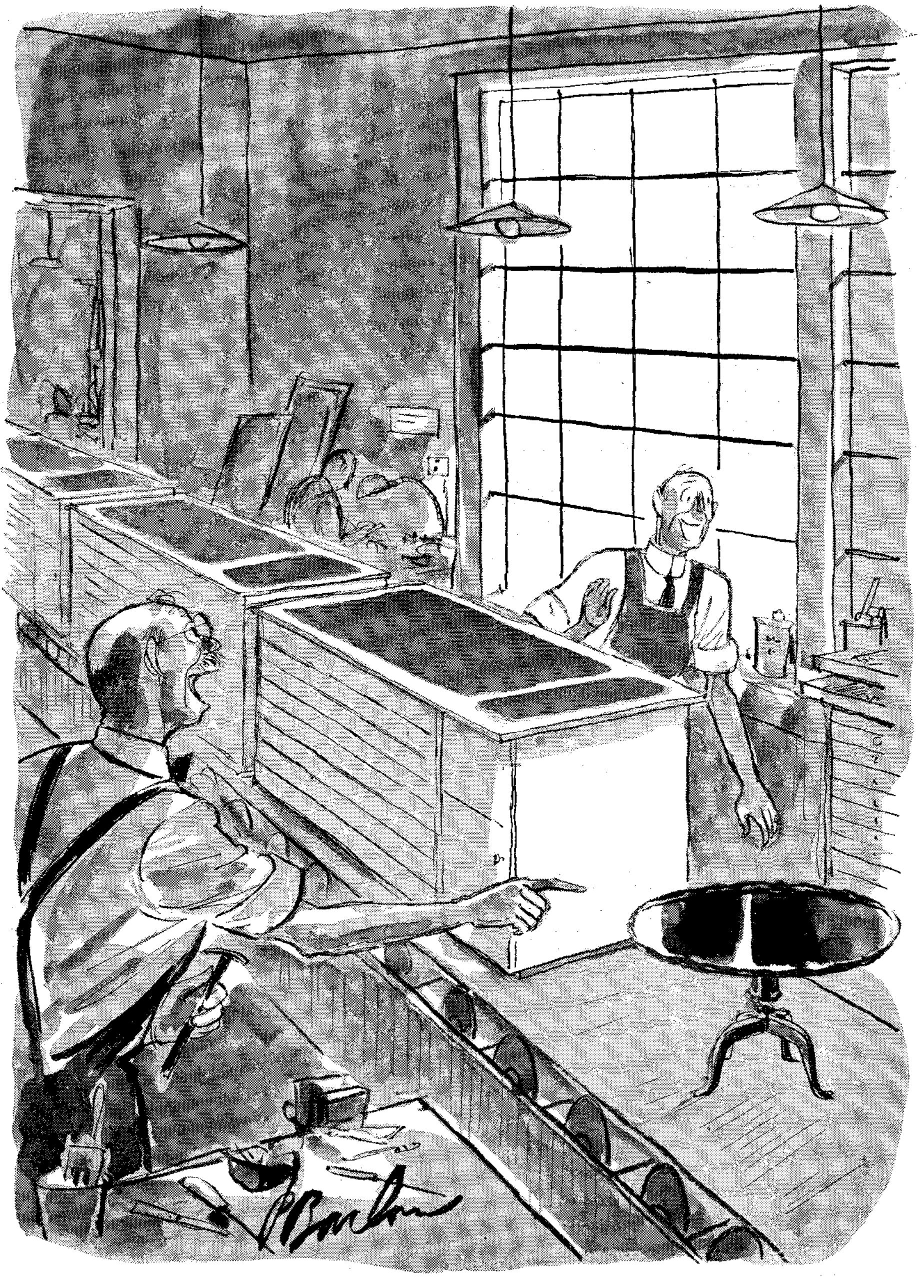
•

Potatoes are again plentiful here. New Yorkers may have them any way their hearts desire except with beefsteak.

•

The inventors of the airplane and the tank probably wonder whether they did the world any favor. By the same token, Mussolini must sometimes wish that he had not invented Hitler.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"My heavens, do you suppose they've signed an Armistice?"

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

PELIKAANSTRAAT MIDTOWN

AMONG other things that the Germans broke up when they moved into Antwerp three years ago were four great diamond dealers' clubs. A good share of the world's diamond business was transacted in these clubs. All four—the Diamantclub, the Diamantbeurs, the Diamantkring, and the Vrije Diamanthandel—were situated along one small stretch of the Pelikaanstraat, not far from the elevated tracks of the Antwerp-Brussels Express. Outside, at the tables of sidewalk cafés lining the same street, lesser dealers and assorted hangers-on engaged in negotiations too small to rate the indoor setting. Scattered through the city were the majority of the world's diamond cutters, twenty thousand modern practitioners of a trade which began in Antwerp sometime in the sixteenth century. Four hours away by rail from Antwerp was Amsterdam, the Continent's next largest diamond centre, which had its own Pelikaanstraat, the Weesper Plein.

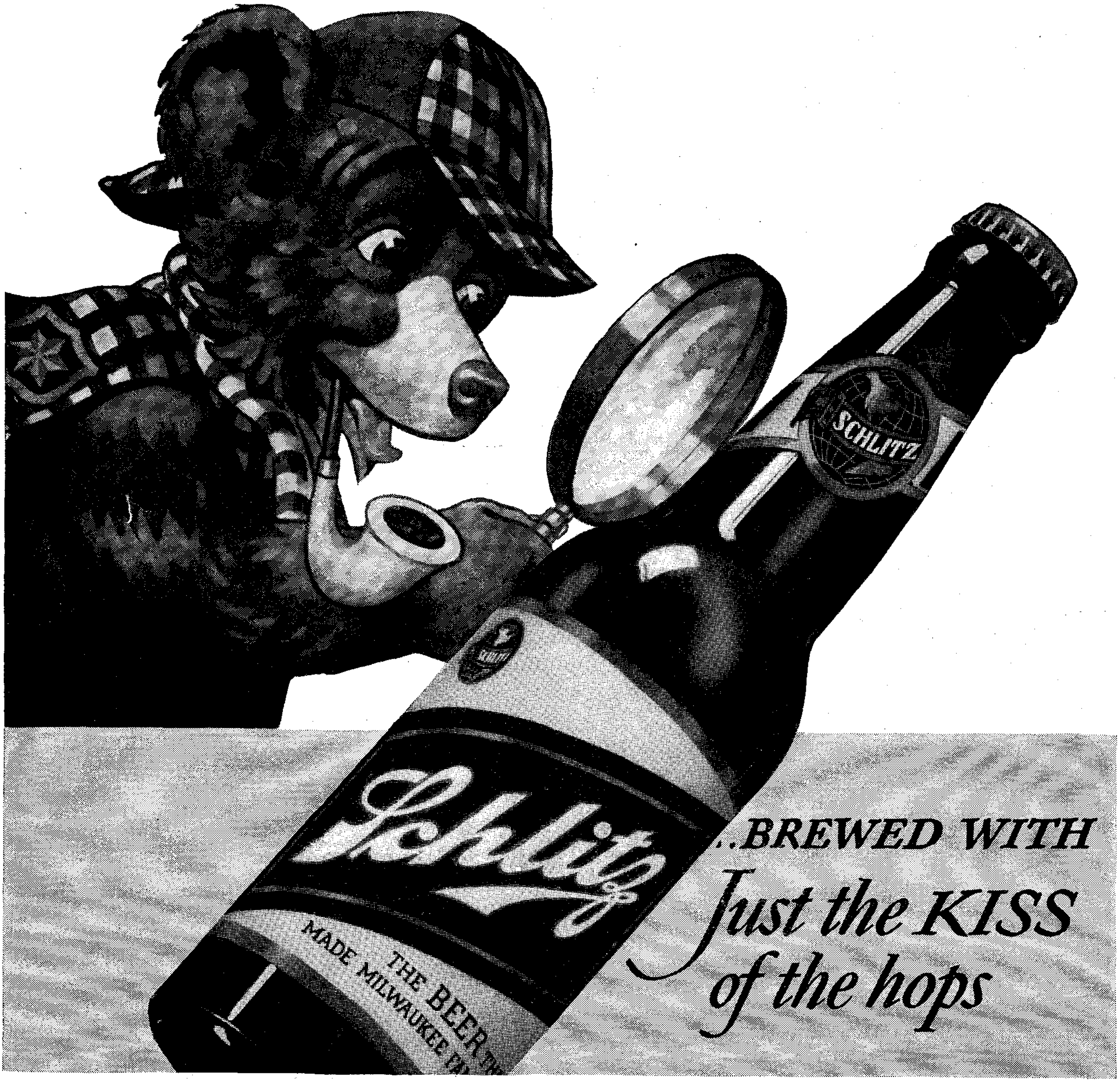
More than a million dollars' worth of diamonds changed hands every day on the Pelikaanstraat. Buyers and sellers from all parts of the world, especially the United States, came to the Flemish port to do business. A number of agents representing American or British firms or Indian maharajahs grew tired of shuttling long distances, sent for their families, and took up permanent residence in the city. About half of the resident and visiting diamond dealers belonged to one or more of the four clubs, which served as exchanges. At the clubs, in addition to trading in diamonds, the men played checkers, chess, or backgammon, or sat around talking shop and drinking coffee or tea. (Diamond dealers, aware of how easy it is to misjudge a stone, rarely drink alcohol.) At the end of the day the dealers would go down to the basements of the clubs, where there were storage vaults, and put away their diamonds for the night.

Happily, many of these specialized clubmen were able to take their goods out of the vaults and make a getaway before the Germans arrived in Antwerp. Some of them probably wouldn't have succeeded in escaping if they hadn't been in the diamond business and thus owned property that was highly portable and negotiable. By hiding their diamonds in suit linings and false shoe soles, and by moving fast enough, some were able to get out of the country in fairly prosperous shape. During their flight through France, Spain, and Portugal, the character of their property saved them again. While other émigrés, their pockets stuffed full of once valuable bank notes, were getting nowhere, the dealers, judiciously handing out diamonds to the right people—crooked police chiefs, peasants with abundant larders and spare hay lofts, badly paid Spanish frontier guards, travel agents in Lisbon—managed to barter their way to safety.

SEVERAL hundred of the Antwerp clubmen, along with scores of their Amsterdam counterparts, have turned up in New York City, where they continue to sell diamonds to one another and now also sell them to their American colleagues. By putting new life into a small American diamond club which at the time of their arrival was languishing in a dreary Nassau Street loft, they have even reconstructed for themselves something of the milieu in which they operated back in Belgium. The club, which is called, simply, the Diamond Dealers Club, has, thanks to its membership dues, moved to the midtown diamond district, where it has leased larger and more elaborate quarters on the ninth floor of a loft building at 36 West Forty-seventh Street. It hasn't half as many members as the Diamantclub or Diamantbeurs had and it probably has less than one-tenth the trading of either of them, but the foreign dealers have grown very fond of it. I went over there a couple of weeks ago after making arrangements with the club's president, Mr. Max Jellinek, who is a native-born American dealer. He asked me to come at ten in the morning, an hour at which most of the traders aren't around, so

"I take it all back, Simmons. You're not fired! I just forgot myself for a moment!"

There's No BITTERNESS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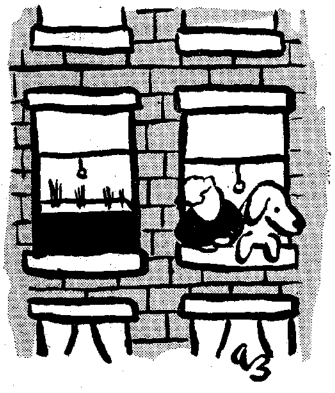
that he would have free time to tell me something of the club and the diamond business.

Before being admitted into the clubrooms, I had to pass through a reception room. At the far end of the room a private policeman, seated behind a small, square opening the size of a bank teller's window, looked out at me dubiously. After I had told him why I was there, he picked up a microphone and called out Mr. Jellinek's name. After a minute or so he pressed a button, an electrically controlled door started clicking, and he waved me toward it. On the other side I found Mr. Jellinek, a trim and enthusiastic man in his fifties, waiting for me with outstretched hand and a smile. "You just walked through a bulletproof door," he told me. "Cost us eight hundred dollars. Special Australian wood." I said something about the microphone, and Mr. Jellinek explained that it was used for announcing visitors or telephone calls. "Dealers do a lot of noisy bargaining," he said. "Could drive you deaf. We need this public-address system. We also have a sound-absorbing ceiling. Now come with me to the board room." On the way I noticed at least a dozen Holmes electric burglar alarms. These are operated by switches and can flash signals to the Holmes headquarters and the precinct police station. When turned on, they automatically lock all the club's exits. We also went by a commissary, set off in the middle of the room, with tables for about sixty people and a short-order counter. "They lunch in the club, too," Mr. Jellinek said. "Afraid if they leave the place they'll miss out on a good stone. If we had beds, they'd sleep here."



The board room was conventional, with a long, glass-topped walnut table, numerous large ashtrays, and a dozen good leather chairs. On the walls were pictures of annual club banquets, a photograph of President Roosevelt, and a framed copy of the club's charter. In the corner were a desk and typewriter and an alert-looking secretary, whom Mr. Jellinek called Evelyn. Near Evelyn's desk was an alcove containing a glass-enclosed set of scales, which, Mr. Jellinek told me, was used for weighing cut stones. He said that it was a highly sensitive apparatus, similar to the kind used in laboratories for weighing chemicals. It was calibrated in points, one hundred points making one carat. The glass enclosure, he explained, not only protected the scales from dust but also prevented any draft from throwing off the accuracy of their measurements. The scales were, he went on, operated by Evelyn, who tested them five times a day. It was important that they be exact, he explained, because the dealers depend on them for an official and indisputable weighing.

Sitting down with Mr. Jellinek at a corner of the long table, I learned from him that the Diamond Dealers Club is eleven years old and that it moved uptown in February, 1942. The members are all either dealers or brokers, a broker being a man who acts as an agent for others. Since the refugees started coming over, the membership has trebled, and it now stands at about nine hundred, with fifty members in the services. Dues are $100 a year, in return for which members can trade on the floor, use the scales, get telephone service, use the club for a mailing address, and enjoy a number of other privileges. "In the old days," Mr. Jellinek said, "a man would run all over town a week, two weeks, looking for goods or customers. Here at the club it won't take him ten minutes to get a feeler."

Because of differences of opinion about a stone's value, it may be traded and retraded as often as six times before it finally leaves the clubrooms. All dealers examine a diamond for size, purity, and workmanship, and, Mr. Jellinek said, what really distinguishes a shrewd trader from an inferior one is the ability to get a hunch on the ultimate price a diamond will fetch when it is put up for sale in a jewelry shop. After the stones leave the club, many of them are sold to wholesale dealers, who, in turn, sell them to retail shops. Manufacturing jewellers also buy many of the stones and, after transforming them into rings, brooches, and so on, sell them to the shops. "Ever really see a diamond?" Mr. Jellinek asked. He handed me a loupe, the magnifying glass jewelry men use, and told me to put it to my eye. Then he held a fair-sized stone in front of it and said, "I paid a lot of money for this stone. I think it's got fire. But maybe no one else will." He turned the diamond around slowly for me. Through the magnifying glass the succession of angles and tints reminded me of a kaleidoscope. I was surprised at the number of facets the stone had and mentioned this. "Every good gem has exactly fifty-eight facets to it," Mr. Jellinek said. "They make the reflections. That's the cutter's job. Darned important one, too."

Mr. Jellinek told me a few more things about the club. He said that all applicants for membership are thoroughly checked before they are accepted. Each applicant has to give the names of four members in good standing as references and swear that he has no criminal or bankruptcy record. As an additional precaution, the names and photographs of all applicants are posted on a bulletin board for ten days. Most of the diamonds are bought and sold on credit. "We don't even go in for receipts here," he said. "Everybody remembers. This is one of the most honest businesses in the world." The club maintains a system of compulsory arbitration for settling disputes between members. A panel of three directors handles the cases, of which there is an average of two a week. They usually concern breaches of contract, short weights, or commissions. Occasionally the arbiters grapple with what Mr. Jellinek termed "honest mistakes," which are apparently caused by a slip of the tongue, vertigo, or a low I.Q. A broker, for example, instructed to sell a parcel of diamonds for $2,500, might for some unaccountable reason unload them for $1,500. The arbiters then step in and see to it that the purchaser either comes up to the asking price or returns the merchandise.

Mr. Jellinek went on to give me a few facts about the diamond industry. Business isn't too bad. In 1942, Americans bought within two per cent of the diamonds they bought in the heady days of 1929. Refugees have brought over some diamonds, but the industry depends on South Africa, Palestine, Brazil, Puerto Rico, and Cuba for its fresh supplies, which have been dropping off lately. Most of the cutters in the Lowlands having fallen into the hands of the Nazis and many of the American cutters having been drafted, there is a serious shortage of these artisans. Melee, the small chips used for mountings in engagement rings and brooches, now sells at two to four times its former price because of this shortage. Jewel stylists, trying to get around the situation, are recommending mountings that call for just a single large stone. The industrial diamond, a very impure stone that is not used for jewelry, is, of course, especially important

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because of the war. Industrials are used in drills and abrasive tools in war plants for such purposes as grinding range-finder lenses, truing precision instruments, and sawing plastics. "Our business is all in the lap of the gods," Mr. Jellinek concluded with a shrug. "If we get the diamonds, we sell them. We'd sell them even in the middle of Africa, with savages for customers. Maybe all we'd get would be a canoe, but we'd sell the stones."

IT was about eleven o'clock by now and Mr. Jellinek suggested that we'd better have a look at the main clubroom, or what is known as the floor, which would soon be filling up with members. He remarked that it was overcast outside and that if the weather became any cloudier I wouldn't find much activity on the floor, because the dealers rarely trade by bad light. The color of a diamond is an elusive affair even in good light. The members never trade under electric light. They don't like too much sunlight, either. "What they want is north light, without sun or bulbs," Mr. Jellinek said. The dealers usually stop trading around two in the afternoon because they then feel they are no longer working by what they call "true light." The walls were plain white plaster, to give the room the maximum of light. When the weather is against them, they simply sit around the club, talking shop, eating, or playing games.

When we got out on the floor, around three hundred members had already arrived and others were coming in. The bulletproof door was clicking away. The special officer was busy making announcements into the microphone. The floor, about eighty feet square, seemed crowded, although it wasn't filled to capacity. Most of the dealers were on the north side of the room. They were sitting at some twenty tables lined up alongside a series of broad, curtainless windows, with six to eight chairs at each table. There was a great babble throughout the room. Occasionally I caught the glint of the tiny wares over which the members were bargaining. Mr. Jellinek made a dramatic, sweeping gesture with his hand. "There's whites and blue-whites out there," he said, oratorically, "yellows and greens, jagers and wesseltons, silver capes and capes, light-brown and fancy rosettes, and diamonds black as coal."

Mr. Jellinek and I moved closer to the tables. I could hear French, German, and English with a British ac-

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cent. Mr. Jellinek told me that before I left I'd probably also hear Russian, Yiddish, Italian, Dutch, and Flemish. We stopped at one of the tables. Three deals were going on simultaneously. We watched one of them. The seller was just putting a large, black leather wallet on the table. It was chained to his belt. He ran his fingers through a file of waxed-paper wrappers in the wallet and finally took one out. He opened it carefully. "Melee," Mr. Jellinek said. In the wrapper were several extremely small diamonds, each hardly bigger than a pinhead. They struck me as too brilliant, a little like spangles. The buyer pulled out a pair of long tweezers, shoved most of the melee out of the way, and pinched up one tiny diamond. He put a loupe to his eye, held the stone against his middle finger for a second, and put it down. "Well, how much is it?" he asked.

"I'm asking one hundred and seventy dollars a carat."

The buyer smiled. "You're crazy," he said in a reasonable tone. "They're not worth more than a hundred and fifty."

"Sorry, they cost me more."

"What did they really cost you?"

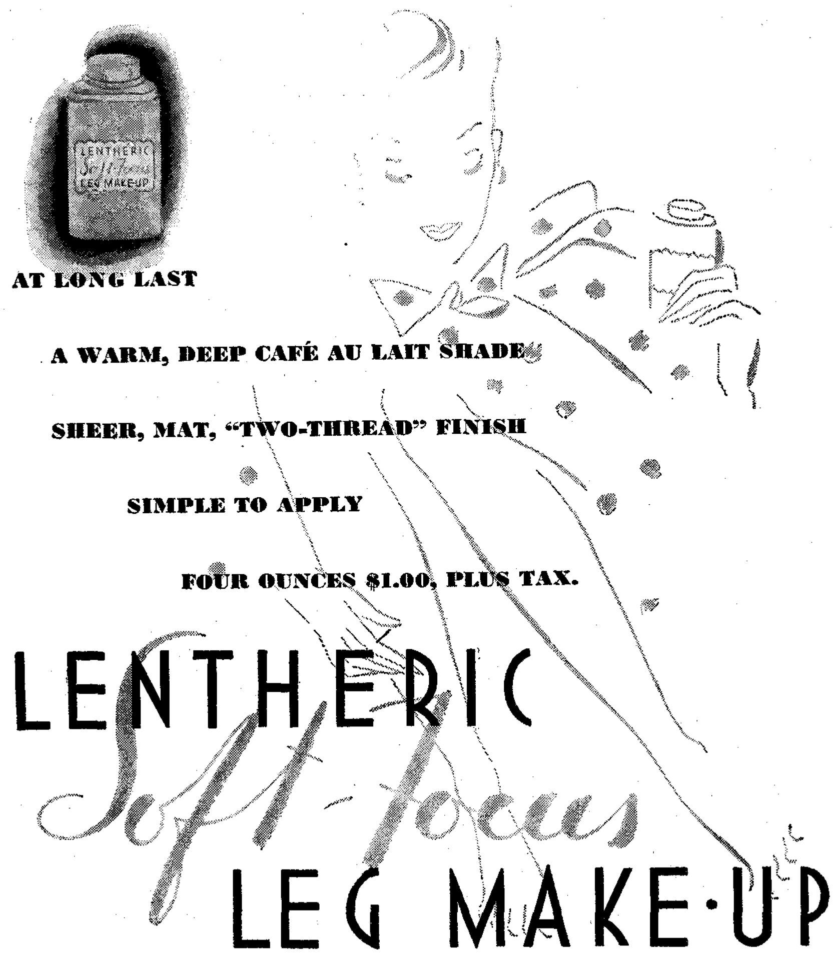
"A hundred and fifty-two dollars a carat."

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty-seven."

"I'm a busy man. I can't waste time. It's a deal. Let's get a weighing." The two men went off together in the direction of Evelyn's weighing alcove.

At the next table, sitting quietly by himself, was a stout, middle-aged man. His merchandise was spread out on the table before him. He was breathing on the stones, the way people clean their eyeglasses, and then rubbing them lightly with a strip of chamois. "He's grading his goods for quality," Mr. Jellinek said. "Some dealers want expensive goods, others are looking for cheaper stuff. When he's through sorting his diamonds, he'll be able to show the right parcel immediately."

A soldier entered the room. He was a short, stout, balding private of thirty or so. A friendly group quickly surrounded him. Mr. Jellinek smiled and said, "He's a member. Guess he's on furlough. I'd like to say hello to him. Let's walk over." By the time we got there, it was quite difficult to greet the military visitor, so Mr. Jellinek didn't try. Someone in the crowd had given the soldier a loupe and was feeding him diamonds to look at. "It's a joke," Mr. Jellinek explained. "We always do that with members back on fur-



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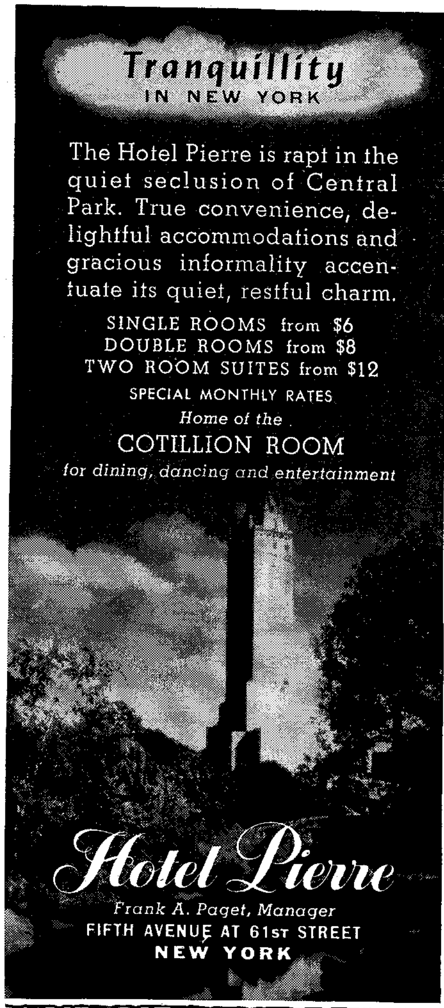
FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22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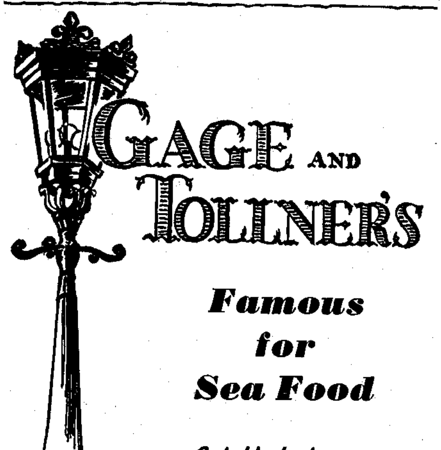
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lough. Just to see if they've lost their eye."

We went over to a table at which four men were seated. Two of them were arguing loudly in English. Another, a look of puzzled interest on his face, watched them closely. The fourth man seemed bored. I said that I wondered what it was all about and Mr. Jellinek told me that the debate was over a parcel of forty-four rough stones weighing a total of eighty-five carats eighty-five points. The puzzled one was the seller, who could speak only French, and the bored one had offered to serve as translator because the two other men, the potential buyers, could speak only English. They were both speaking it vociferously. "Those fellows yelling their heads off, believe it or not, are partners," Mr. Jellinek said. "One says they ought to buy. The other isn't so sure. Some partners!"

Just as we turned away from this group, a young fellow with round, sombre eyes approached Mr. Jellinek and asked him if he was interested in buying some goods. "Not from you," Mr. Jellinek replied affably. "You're nothing but an old drugstore." "I'm no drugstore today," the young fellow said. "I've got something here that's a bargain." He pulled out a wallet, the same large, black sort that everyone in the club seemed to have, and picked a diamond out with his tweezers. Mr. Jellinek took a quick look and handed it back. He didn't even bother to use a loupe. "Wouldn't be a bargain at any price," he said. "It's a fisheye. Look at that shallow top. It's dead. Go away." After the young fellow had left, I asked Mr. Jellinek what he had meant by calling him a drugstore. "In Antwerp they'd call him an *apotheek*," he said. "In America he's a drugstore. A drugstore is a fellow who charges too high prices. That's because everything in a drugstore is expensive."

At another table we sat down alongside two men engaged in a deal. The prospective buyer, his eyeglasses shoved up on his forehead, was peering at several stones through a loupe. "Their color is beautiful," he finally announced to the seller, "but that's about all. They're polished badly. The size is bad, too. Nobody's buying that size these days. Two hundred and fifty dollars." The seller, a broker, said that the offer was out of the question. He had already received an offer of two hundred and sixty dollars and turned it down. The buyer, hoisting his spectacles again, examined the goods a second time. "Look," he said eagerly. "This one has a black piqué in it." Leaning in my direction, Mr. Jellinek explained that a black piqué is a spot of dark carbon inside the stone.

"Sorry," the broker said. "Two hundred and fifty dollars is too little. Those stones are worth three hundred."

"For a blind man."

"For a diamond dealer."

The broker elaborately picked up his wares, put them back into his black wallet, and, getting out of his chair, pretended to be fascinated by some bargaining going on at the next table. After a few seconds he suddenly swung around and addressed the buyer. "When I tell you something," he said, "you can rest assured it's so." He sounded deeply offended. The buyer was unimpressed. "Take two hundred and sixty dollars and keep quiet," he said.

"Two hundred and eighty," the broker said. He returned to the chair he had vacated a moment before and sat down.

"Come on, finish it off," Mr. Jellinek urged.

"Two hundred and seventy dollars," said the buyer.

"All right," the broker said. "I'll call up and see if I can accept."

After he had left, the bidder, nervously pushing his glasses up and down his forehead, asked Mr. Jellinek if he hadn't made a damned fool of himself.

"Listen," Mr. Jellinek said cozily, "if you bid two hundred and seventy dollars, they must be worth that much."

"I think I know where I can sell them at a three-per-cent profit," the buyer said.

"Sure, why not?" Mr. Jellinek said, obviously enjoying himself.

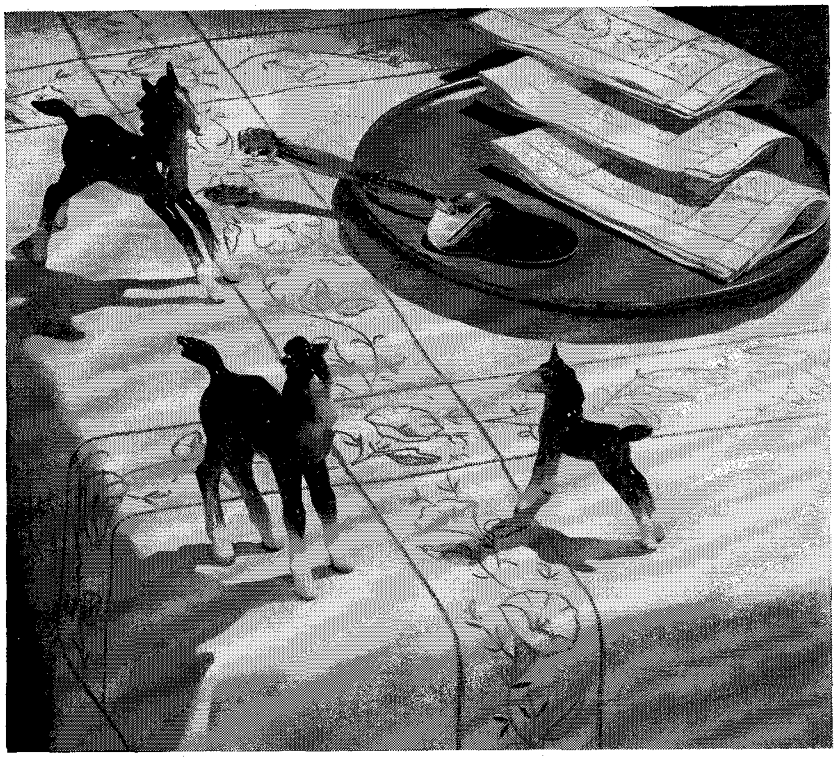
In a little while the broker returned and reported that the offer was acceptable. He turned over the parcel of diamonds to the buyer without asking for a receipt. The two men shook hands—a ritual, Mr. Jellinek told me, that is observed at the end of each deal.

MR. JELLINEK's name was announced over the public-address system. "Been expecting that call all morning," he said. "Fellow with some stones I've been trying to get. Special blue-whites." He asked to be excused, and left, first introducing me to the man who had just bought the $270 diamonds. He was a Belgian émigré, he told me. "I have been to the Indian mines of Golconda in the State of Hyderabad," he said. "They were among the first mines to yield diamonds to the civilized world and they are still the nicest and best. I have been an exporter in Kimberley, South Africa, and I have been to the mines of Brazil to buy rough diamonds." He spoke softly and with an occasional relaxed flourish of the hand. He told me that late in 1939, after a fifteen-year stay in India, he and his wife and daughter had returned to Antwerp, where for four generations his ancestors had been diamond merchants. When the Germans marched in shortly after the family's return, he and his wife and daughter fled to this country. He said that he had never been as fond of his diamonds as he was during the flight through France. "I knew that if I could get through with them," he said, "I could be sure of the future." I asked him why he was so certain diamonds would guarantee his future. His reply was confident. "Because they have been in the habits of women for many centuries," he said. "To me it is exciting to see a diamond taken out of a mine and to say to myself, 'This is a beautiful thing which no living being has ever seen before.' But what does a woman know of that? To her it is a way of proving that her husband is rich or that her lover spends money on her. I knew all the time I was escaping that I could count on her vanity." He glanced at me to see if I had any comment. When he saw that I didn't have, he shook hands with me and went off to one of the other tables.

An elderly man came along and sat down beside me. He pulled out a black wallet of diamonds and looked at me closely. Then he asked me, in a genial way, if he could sell me some gems. I noticed he had *payes*, the long sideburns worn by extremely orthodox Jews. He wore a stringy tie, jacket and trousers which didn't match, and an old black hat. I told him I was just visiting the place and asked him how his business was going.

"Business?" he asked amiably. "I am a broker, my boy. I make one per cent on every deal. Most weeks maybe thirty dollars comes in, sometimes a little more, some weeks nothing. Every week five dollars goes out for War Bonds, and I have a wife. Even if I had come out of Europe with my diamonds, who can care about business today?"

He also was from Antwerp, where he had had a thriving export business. Just before the German invasion, he told me, he and his wife started for France with his diamonds, getting as far south with them as Bordeaux. There the French customs guards took away his diamonds, some $40,000 worth, in return for which they gave him a receipt. He



Bright Linens for Festive Occasions

Flower-fresh "Morning-Glory" cloth in fine Marghab linen . . . Cloth and six napkins with appliqued, hand-hemstitched bands cut out to show morning-glories the color of the cloth. Blue, green, natural, peach or yellow with natural bands. White with pearl bands. 44" cloth with napkins, $37.50. 53" cloth with napkins, $47.50 . . . *Mail orders filled promptly.*

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WE'RE ALL ESTEEMED UP!

Sure, Carstairs White Seal was highly esteemed by whiskey connoisseurs before the war. But that esteem has risen even higher since our distilling facilities are now devoted to the production of war materials, and Carstairs White Seal is being made *only from irreplaceable pre-war reserves.* So when you get your less-frequent bottle or drink of Carstairs White Seal, remember what a prize it is compared with more plentiful whiskies—and you'll find it easier to make *your* share last longer!

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

said that from that time on life became more complicated. Reaching Marseilles, after having barely evaded the Nazis at Bordeaux, he consulted a French lawyer on the possibility of regaining his stones. The lawyer suggested that he take his receipt to a certain bureau in Paris. By that time, of course, Paris was in the Occupied Zone and the refugee didn't have the proper papers for getting there. It meant an illegal entry, but he risked it. "Imagine," he said, "everything in France was turned upside down, but I, an ordinary person, go to this bureau with my receipt and there my diamonds are, waiting for me."

He didn't want to risk losing the diamonds by confiscation again, a possibility if he were intercepted while trying to slip back into the Unoccupied Zone, so he put them in the hands of a peasant whom he'd never met before but whom a friend had recommended as trustworthy. He promised the peasant $500 if he would take the diamonds to Marseilles for him. The diamond dealer managed to get back to Marseilles, where his wife was waiting. In three weeks the peasant finally turned up at their *pension*, but without the diamonds. "He told me," the old man said, "that he had rented an automobile and started out for Marseilles but that he couldn't get any gasoline and had to use coal for fuel. He said that after going a short distance the automobile exploded and the diamonds were either destroyed or lost. Now he wanted the $500 I had promised him. I told him that with the diamonds gone I no longer had any money in this world. We had a terrible argument and the poor fellow had to go back without his money." The broker smiled. "Maybe the peasant was telling the truth, maybe he wasn't. What difference does it make in a time like ours? The only thing that makes a difference is to win the war, so we can go to sleep at night any place in the whole world without being awakened by the secret police." He put his wallet back into his pocket and said he thought he'd run along and try to make a few dollars before the day was over.

IT was one o'clock by now. The trading at the tables seemed to be tapering off. A number of the dealers were sitting down to lunch in the commissary. I walked over to a trading table at which eight dealers in industrials were seated. Their diamonds were larger than any I'd seen so far. They had little sparkle and were more definitely colored—brown, dark blue,

MESSAGE TO GENTLEMEN
who are members of the
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THE DEMANDS of war production have limited the supply of Aqua Velva. There is now less Aqua Velva to go around—to meet the growing demand from the armed services as well as civilians.

Avoid waste. Just a few drops of Aqua Velva after shaving leave your face feeling softer and smoother—refreshed. Clean, agreeable scent. Aqua Velva is the world's most popular after-shave lotion.

WILLIAMS
Aqua Velva
for
AFTER SHAVING

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

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He admits it's a rather dubious claim to fame, but he does say it's worth the wear and tear on the eyes when you consider the information you get. For example, did you know Angostura imparts an exquisite flavor to soups? Lots of other uses, too, and all written up in several languages for the linguistically inclined.

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"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

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yellow, and gray. I struck up a conversation with one of the dealers, a thickset Belgian about fifty years old who wasn't trading at the moment. He had a gruff voice and a heavy accent. He told me that up to the time he had left Belgium in 1939 he had dealt in gems exclusively. He had switched to industrials in this country, although there was less profit in them. He said that he spent his time these days finding out what particular types of industrial stones were needed by munitions factories and then scurrying about trying to locate them. He said he was pleased with the change he'd made. "Here," he said, "I shall construct an airplane for you." He took a few stones out of a large briefcase and set them on the table. He held up a resin-colored one. "An ugly diamond but the hardest to be found," he said. "With this you cut the glass through which the pilot looks." He held up another, jagged and smaller. "With this are ground the lenses for his bomb sight." He showed me a round brown stone and said that it was useful for precision thread-grinding of screws. "Hundreds and hundreds of screws in every plane," he said. Another round stone, somewhat larger, was excellent for helping to shape wheels and propellers. He patted his briefcase gently. "Navigation instruments, guns, and bullets are in there, too," he said. "I feel good that I am selling here for one dollar and twenty-five cents a carat what the Germans would pay me twelve dollars a carat for in Europe."—Daniel Lang

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

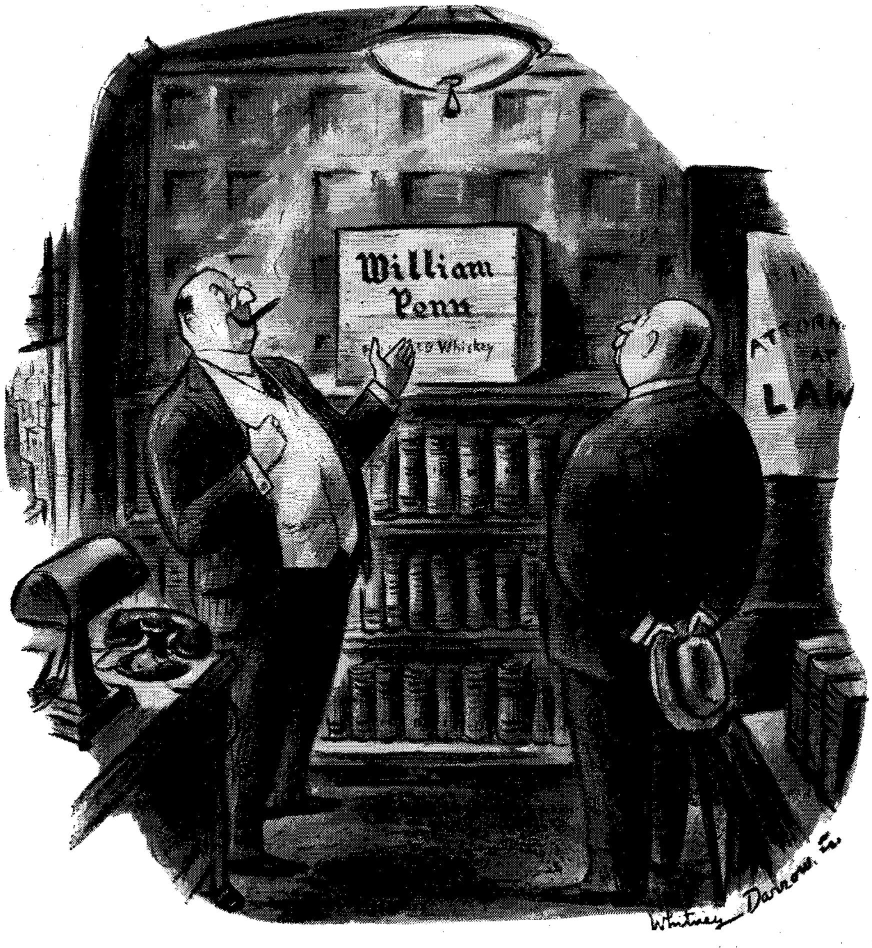
[*From the R.K.O. Studio Club News*]

Ode to a Real American

In the gloom of a hospital room
Lies Willoughby Speyers who is leaving
soon.
He heard his country's call and so
Off to the navy he must go.
Said the doctor after the examination
We can't take you without you have an
operation
Did Speyers flinch, did he quail
You ought to know he wouldn't fail
He reported to surgery gay as a bird
And said "I want you to take out my
thyroid."
So while you're sitting in your comfortable
office
Give a thought to Willoughby's noble
sacrifice.

He didn't say: "What's in it for me?"
He said: "How soon can I get to sea?"
That's the spirit that will lick Hitler
And those other dictators who are even
littler.
So look out, Mussolini and Hirohito
You're up against a man from RKO.

—Harry Niemeyer, Jr.



"The best case of all
comes to Attorney Hall!"

Millions "Say When" with William Penn!

An old friend returns to New York—William Penn Blended Whiskey. Popular since '98, this distinctive whiskey is blended at the high point of flavor—where fine base whiskeys provide rich, full taste and softened neutral spirits add smoothness. For better drinks, try this blended whiskey today. Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

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Blended Whiskey

William Penn
Originated in 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
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Sign Up for Enjoyment...with William Penn!

86 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

SERVICEMEN! GOLFERS!
HORSEMEN! TRAVELERS!

Here's an Amazing New Quick Liquid
SADDLE SOAP

Cleans, softens, preserves!

Called by many "the *finest* leather conditioner!" May be used on all finishes, except suede. Leaves no grease or odor. Will not harm stitching. Does not interfere with use of regular polishes. *Make your shoes, luggage and other leathers last longer—use Neatsope!* Only 25c.

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JERRY WALD
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Plus
THE COLORFUL, FAST-MOVING
ICE SHOW*
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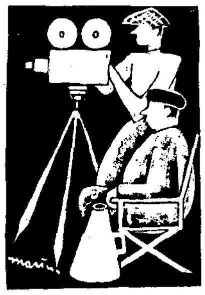
NEW YORKER
*Ice Show and dancing daily at luncheon, dinner and supper.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Straw Foot Forward



HAVING adopted the policy of dodging most Broadway musicals about six years ago, when the institution went into a decline, I missed George Abbott's production of "Best Foot Forward," of which a movie has now been made. Therefore I can't report in detail with what faithfulness the original has been reproduced on the screen. I can only suspect that the reproduction has been a shade too faithful. The impression you get is that a musical comedy has been photographed with a camera and projected with a projector and that's that. The result is merely a spectacle which, by the nature of the medium, has been reduced to a shadow of its former self. This is not, or shouldn't be, why talkies were born. Perhaps it is the object of the benign West Coast despots to bring Broadway culture unblemished to the masses. If so, why don't they just invest in a few road companies? Hmm?

Not to be too morose about the whole thing, I should admit that the picture has occasional bits of funny dialogue, for which it may or may not be in debt to the show, and that it certainly has profited by the transplanting of at least two good tunes, "Buckle Down, Winsocki" and "Everytime." Also, the one important survivor from the original cast, Nancy Walker, is a helpful comic. In the part of the movie actress who comes to the school prom, Rosemary Lane has been replaced by Lucille Ball, who has most of the funny things to say and says them fine, while the press agent, formerly Marty May, is now William Gaxton, who doesn't have enough to do to make himself seriously felt one way or the other. A certain amount of research has revealed that the stage Winsocki was an ordinary civilian prep school, whereas the film Winsocki is a military academy, clearly an extravagant departure.

ALL the intrigue in the Middle East may well have been exhausted by now. There is a hint of just such a wretched situation in "Background to Danger," a picture that has picked up what crumbs of espionage and counter-espionage have been left behind by other pictures on the same subject and given them to George Raft, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, and Brenda Marshall to do with what they could. The locale is Turkey. Mr. Raft is an American, Mr. Greenstreet is a German, and Mr. Lorre and Miss Marshall are Russians. There are also one or two Turks on the scene, but they don't carry much weight; in the movies these days you can't see a neutral people for the foreign agents. The fellow who comes out on top in the end is Mr. Raft, and he deserves it after all the scuffles he gets into. The film relies pretty heavily for its excitement on beatings-up and automobile chases and the like, with the result that along about the halfway mark you are either a nervous wreck or, if you are the phlegmatic type, asleep. Incidentally, one of Mr. Raft's minor triumphs as this resourceful American consists in borrowing an overcoat from a Turk and having it turn out to be a George Raft overcoat.

AS was often the case with French pictures, more thought seems to have gone into "Le Feu de Paille" than goes into many of our domestic products. This one is about a child movie actor who scores a brilliant success in his first vehicle, fails in his second, and relapses into a normal adolescence. The principal characters are this boy, his actor father, and his doting mother, all of whom are conscientiously and thoughtfully portrayed by Jean Fuller, Lucien Baroux, and Orane Demazis. The film's main fault is overstatement. Directly and by means of rather obvious symbolism, the point is repeatedly driven home to you that a child who experiences heady, adult sensations undergoes a perilous strain, which you may have known in the first place. Politically, the picture is untrammelled, having been made in Paris before the occupation. There are English subtitles and the title itself has been translated as "Fire in the Straw" for American audiences. It's a fine translation, and it's too bad it doesn't happen to mean anything.

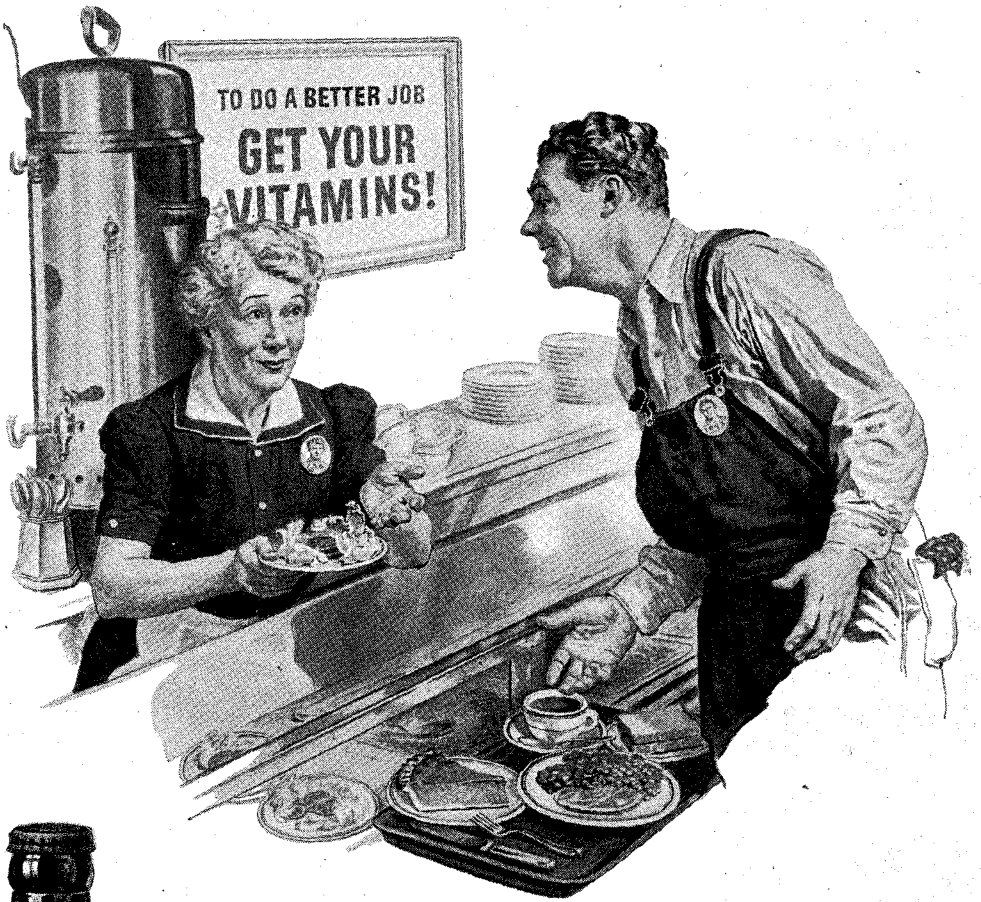
—DAVID LARDNER

•

2 OAK sanitary type office desks with chairs, one drophead typewriter, one executive. Mr. Benjamin Selengut, 1352 Beacon st., Brookline.—*Adv. in the Boston Herald.*

What is this, a combination offer?

How American it is... to want something better!



BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

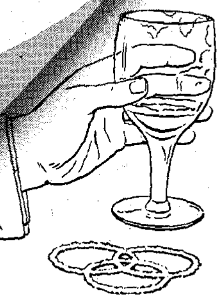
OUR WORKERS, behind desk and plow and lathe, are following many new ideas and "better ways" to swell the war output. One of these ideas is balanced, vitamin-rich meals to insure health and peak energy on the job.

When we Americans decide we want "something better," whether it's a machine tool or a shoelace, we don't waste much time in wishing. We go after it.

In the field of the moderate beverages, the search for something better seems to have led a great number of us to the ale you see pictured here. Its famous 3-ring "Purity," "Body," "Flavor" trade mark came to mean something better to so many people that it is now . . .

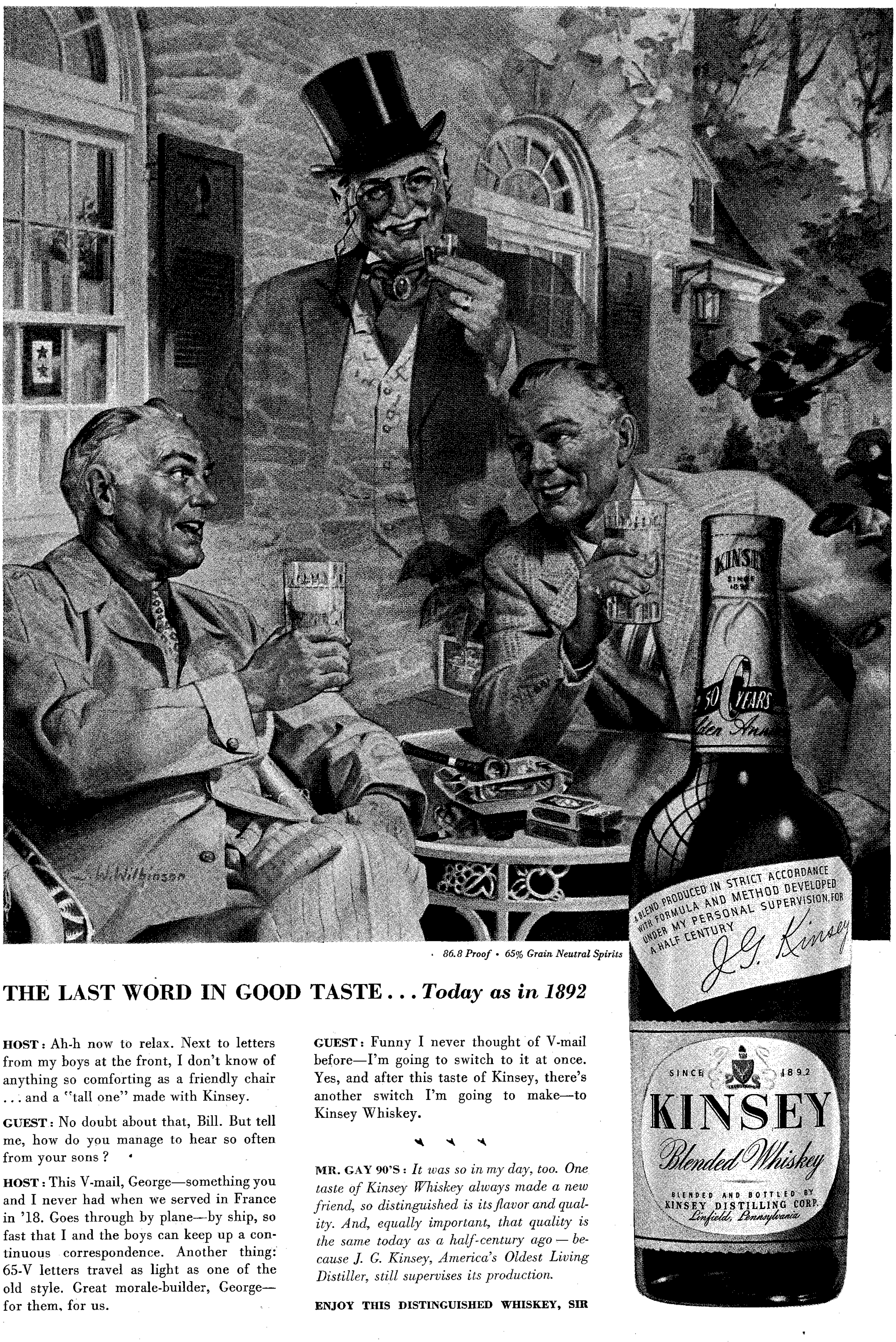
America's largest selling Ale

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



1840—Peter Ballantine found his trade mark in three dewy rings left by his glass as he tested three qualities—Purity, Body, Flavor.

To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*


W. Wilkinson
KINSEY SINCE 1892
50 YEARS
Golden Anniversary
A BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION FOR A HALF CENTURY
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KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
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86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

THE LAST WORD IN GOOD TASTE . . . *Today as in 1892*

HOST: Ah-h now to relax. Next to letters from my boys at the front, I don't know of anything so comforting as a friendly chair . . . and a "tall one" made with Kinsey.

GUEST: No doubt about that, Bill. But tell me, how do you manage to hear so often from your sons?

HOST: This V-mail, George—something you and I never had when we served in France in '18. Goes through by plane—by ship, so fast that I and the boys can keep up a continuous correspondence. Another thing: 65-V letters travel as light as one of the old style. Great morale-builder, George—for them, for us.

GUEST: Funny I never thought of V-mail before—I'm going to switch to it at once. Yes, and after this taste of Kinsey, there's another switch I'm going to make—to Kinsey Whiskey.

* * *

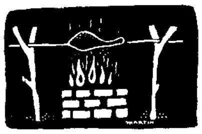
MR. GAY 90'S: *It was so in my day, too. One taste of Kinsey Whiskey always made a new friend, so distinguished is its flavor and quality. And, equally important, that quality is the same today as a half-century ago — because J. G. Kinsey, America's Oldest Living Distiller, still supervises its production.*

ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

ONE of the small mysteries of the season is a sudden fever of interest in old-fashioned picnics. It has arisen just when the supplies of old-fashioned equipment for such jaunts are at the last, low ebb. To be sure, a picnic of some sort is always feasible as long as there is a shoe box in the house to pack your sandwiches and hardboiled eggs in, but the classic picnic, some people insist, calls for gear, and gear is what the shops don't have plenty of, baby.



Among the few good kits that you'll find around in any quantity is an imitation-pigskin case, zippered on top and cozily enclosing two one-quart thermos bottles and a tin sandwich box large enough to hold food for four. This sells for just under $9 at Lewis & Conger and Hammacher Schlemmer, both of which offer it with pride and confidence. I'll go along with them to this extent—it should be fine if you have a horse and buggy to carry both you and kit to your picnic spot or if you don't have to hike any distance to get there. But it's no featherweight.

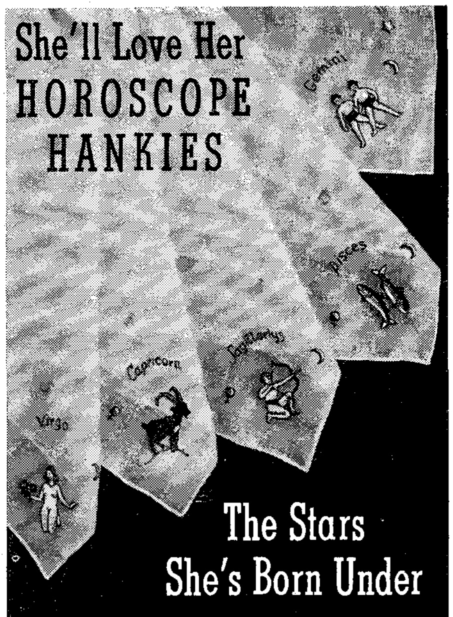
At Alice H. Marks, you still can buy, for $35, leatherette suitcase-style hampers holding either complete lunch equipment for two (sandwich boxes, thermos bottle, plastic dishes, and stainless-steel cutlery) or cocktail stuff for four (thermos ice jar, cups, shaker, and glass bottles for the makings). There are also a few British basket hampers, which now seem like something out of another world, with their inevitable alcohol-lamp teakettle cuddled among the cake boxes and Beetleware plates and cups; $40. There are only a few, too, of the old-style bicycle hampers, constructed to hold food for four and having an empty compartment for bathing suits ($30), and of the drinks-and-lunch outfits in leatherette suitcases ($55). The latter can double as train lunch boxes, since they're of a handy size for this now-important purpose and good-looking enough to consort with anybody's luggage, maybe even putting it a little to shame.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER is one place that still has those peerless, American-made Hawkeye refrigerator hampers, complete with ice compartment at one side; $10.75 for the family size, which is the only one available. Also on hand there, in limited quantity and again only in the family size, are hampers of a sort that is somehow even harder to find—the plain, unlined, old-time kind with hinged wooden covers and a double handle; $1.95. Any household with children in it ought to have one of *these*, at least.

None of the fine things above, of course, answers the needs of the picnicker who expects to walk to where he's going and therefore wants a small, well-ventilated picnic case, preferably one that straps on over a shoulder, and no fancy business. Well, there isn't any such thing as far as I know, but there are some pretty good substitutes. A fisherman's creel, for instance, generally answers the purpose. The one place I know which can supply creels in the traditional basket style, kidney-shaped to hug the ribs and weighing almost nothing, is Lewis & Conger, where they are $3.50. This store also has some shopping bags made in a kind of saddle-bag design—two big pockets connected by a strap to go across the shoulders; $3.50. They'd be fine, I think, for beach picnics, since they will comfortably accommodate robes, towels, and similar bulky stuff, as well as food.

Lewis & Conger is one of the few remaining spots where you can be reasonably sure of finding thermos bottles in both pint and quart sizes ($1.10 and $2.50). It seems to have a good supply of the vanishing Icit, too—the chemical stuff in sealed flat tins which you freeze in your refrigerator and pack in with picnic food to keep it fresh for hours. Tins of Icit are fifty cents each, and I'm told that they can be used over and over again.

NO word has crept in here this week about outdoor cooking equipment, barbecue sets, and other encouragers of picnicking close to home. This is because so many words on the subject have crept in here in the past and not at all because there is any serious dearth of such material. Supplies of outdoor grates and portable grills and the tools that go with them are diminishing, however, and already there are some substitute items in the stores—wooden barbecue carts with firebox and grill of asbestos sprayed with glass, like the glass coal-grates for fireplaces which first appeared last winter. Carts of this sort can be had at Hammacher Schlemmer and Lewis & Conger, and probably elsewhere as well by this time, for about $14. —B. B.



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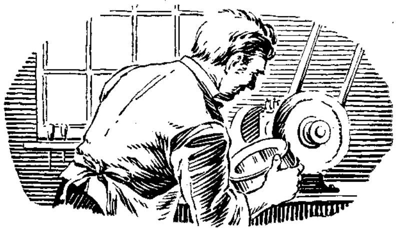

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THE FOOD CRISIS

JUST between you and me and Mr. Spangler, I don't think the Republicans have much of a chance in 1944. For one thing, it is going to be awful hard to dig up from George Washington's correspondence any punchy quotation arguing against a fourth term. Another thing, priorities will prevent the manufacture in any quantity of Taft buttons, or Dewey buttons, or whoever, while, of course, there are a lot of Roosevelt buttons kicking around. Still, just on the chance that we Democrats may, through some fluke, find ourselves the loyal opposition, we ought to consider our course of conduct.

Our great weakness, as I see it, would be letters to the editor criticizing the administration. The Republicans have set a high standard in the past eleven years, and we will not immediately equal it. It will take a considerable time to build up the necessary blood pressure. If a few volunteers would be willing to start now, just to be ready if and when? . . . Thank you.

Now, first of all you're going to have to cultivate a different attitude toward a certain type of newspaper story. Ordinarily, if you were wallowing through the *Herald Tribune* and came, as I did only the other day, upon a two-column cut of a well-coiffed club-lady under the caption "Ready to Help Housewives Face Food Crisis," you would not read the accompanying story. This would be no conscious choice but an instantaneous reaction. Your subconscious would mutter, "Oh, nuts," and you would turn the page. From now on, however, you must look for such stories, read them carefully, and try to find out if they mean anything. I'm sorry to put it so brutally, but you might as well have it straight from the shoulder; anybody who wishes to back out may do so now. Nobody? . . . *Thank* you!

TO TURNS
ON 7TH AVE
42ND–47TH ST
Hallock

Reading further, we discover that the lady who is Ready to Help Housewives Face Food Crisis is Mrs. Roger Williams Straus. Now we're going to read the whole story—*the whole story, I said. . . . You can do it. . . . Keep going, you yellow rats. . . .*

The gravity of the food crisis must be impressed on the New York housewife, Mrs. Roger Williams Straus, of 6 East Ninety-third Street, who was appointed by Governor Thomas E. Dewey on Saturday as director of nutrition education for the New York area on the Governor's Emergency Food Commission, said yesterday at the opening of her new office at 247 Park Avenue.

Information on the use of properly prepared and adequately nourishing food substitutes must be given to the housewife, she said, at a time when she needs it most. When a marked shortage, such as meat, potatoes or butter, arises, Mrs. Straus said, it will be her duty to find a satisfactory substitute food. . . .

"People think," she said, "the food crisis is temporary, which is not so. It is a crisis and it will be one for the next ten years. It's not just a problem of feeding Europe, but we must also feed ourselves. This office is here to help the housewife meet that crisis.

"We on the home front have got to use food substitutes. It must be food properly prepared and properly nourishing. We've got to have good morale and it's up to the wives, daughters and mothers to have palatably prepared food on the table."

Mrs. Straus advanced the soy bean as an adequate substitute. She said her office, which also will be headquarters for Miss Sarah Gibson Blanding, dean of the State College of Home Economics, Ithaca, N.Y., as a director of human nutrition under the E.F.C., will try to get the soy bean on the market while convincing the consumer of its food value.

THE material for your letters to the editor is going to come out of items like this. It's no fun reading them, but the Republicans have been doing it for eleven years, with hardly a whimper. Now to see if the item means anything. Governor Dewey and Mrs. Straus are convinced that there is a food crisis, and that the housewives of New York should be told about it; or, in other words, the citizens are hungry and don't know it. A housewife *not* aware of the gravity of the food crisis is certainly no help in an emergency; that is plainly Mrs. Straus's conviction. The New York housewife, trudging home from the A. & P. with enough food to choke a horse, is, to be brutally frank, living in a fool's paradise. It's no kindness to keep her in ignorance.

Furthermore, not only are we all hungry now but we are going to be hungry for the next ten years. There is no hope for us unless we stop eating food and begin on food substitutes. I'm a little puzzled at this point; let's fall back on some definitions. I'm pretty sure that Mrs. Straus doesn't mean the same thing that Schrafft's does by substitutes; i.e., something that is not on any of the table-d'hôte luncheons and which you are requested not to ask for in place of something that is. No, a food substitute is—well, *you* know—a *food substitute*. It isn't meat, and it isn't potatoes, and it isn't butter, and Mrs. Straus will be damned if she knows what it is, unless it's soy beans.

With regard to soy beans, Mrs. Straus has a double problem. First she has to convince people that all this nasty stuff they're buying now is really only making them hungrier and hungrier and that the only thing for hollow civilian legs is soy beans; then she has to persuade the grocers to get hold of some soy beans and offer them for sale. Well, my delicatessen man sells soy beans, but the trouble is you go in to buy some soy beans and you're distracted by a lot of—well, pardon the expression, but *food*—br--d, ch--s-, p--n-t b-tt-r, m-c-r-n-, gr--n v-g-t-bl-s, -ggs, and so on.

By the bye, I tried out my favorite soybean recipe on some dinner guests the other night and everybody loved it, if I do say it as shouldn't. I brought out a big, brimming bowl of salted soys, with which I served Martini cocktails and Scotch highballs. Two hours later we sat down to cold tomato soup, brook trout, green peas, zucchini sauté, green salad, cheese, and coffee. It was delicious. I see I have kind of drifted away from the subject of Mrs. Straus and the Governor's Emergency Food Commission, but that's all right with me if it is with you. —RUSSELL MALONEY

•

PHIL GORNTO, of the Old Bay Line, who has been checking up the reservations for the Traffic Club dinner meeting in the Albany, tomorrow night, says it will be exceptionally well attended. The speakers will be Capt. R. B. Hall, of the Coast Guard division, USN, port captain at Hampton Roads and James O'Keefe, superintendent and general agent of the Norfolk & Western whose name is probably more frequently misspelled than any in the city. Dougle E Double F, is the way, said Mr. Gornto.—*Norfolk (Va.) Ledger Dispatch.*

There, now *that's* straight.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE FIFTH CENTURY A. D.

[*From the Popular Educator*]

Boethius was thrown into prison and later put to death. But even in this hopeless position he wrote his best known work, "On the Consolation of Philosophy."

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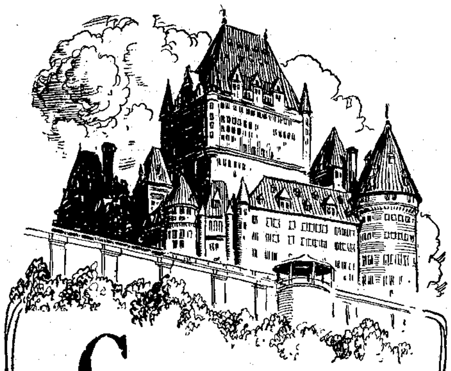

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THE RACE TRACK

No Trouble at All

I APPROVE of this season's switch of the Empire City meeting to Jamaica, even though, along with some of the trainers, I miss my favorite vantage point under the trees in the paddock at the Empire City track. Aside from this very minor grievance, however, I haven't a single complaint to make about the change. Barring the uneasy feeling that everyone really should have been somewhere else, things went off smoothly enough on opening day. For that matter, why shouldn't they? The same officials and gatemen are always on hand at Empire City and Jamaica, and both tracks have the same pari-mutuel setup. The only real difference in the management is that each association has its own business staff, but racegoers never have anything to do with them anyway. Speaking of business, my guess is that Empire City's will beat Aqueduct's. As you may know, the Empire City Racing Association is paying merely a nominal rental for the Jamaica plant. Last winter, when it became evident that the Saratoga races could not be held at the Spa, the managements of the five New York tracks agreed to make any wartime switching-around of meetings as painless as possible.

A WANDERING eavesdropper has reported that just before the running of the Nepperhan Purse, the most important race on Empire City's opening day, one of those perennially late horseplayers wailed, "I wish I'd had time to get a ticket on the favorite." To this a cynical companion replied, "Well, if you wait about a minute more, you'll be knee-deep in the tickets on him that people have thrown away." And so it turned out. Longden, who rode Chop Chop, the favorite concerned, appeared to be under the impression that he was still on Count Fleet, for he sent his mount along at such a breakneck pace that the colt tired and a horse named Water Pearl caught him, beat him, and paid a $78.80 mutuel. Perhaps you've noticed that Longden hasn't been riding with any great brilliance lately.

By the way, although a board of doc-

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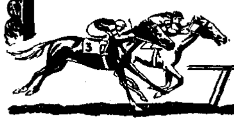

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tors has decided that Count Fleet is fit for duty, he still won't run for the Classic Stakes. It's my guess that he'll not be ready for the Travers, either, because his stable isn't going to rush him any, eager as it is to put him back in action. They don't want him to end up like Whirlaway, who was recently retired permanently.

MUCH the best two-year-old I saw last week was Sonny Whitney's Boojiana. As a matter of fact, she's so good that Mrs. Ames had better watch her step. Boojiana, which is a fairly obvious name for a filly by Boojum out of Foxiana, comes honestly by her speed. Jimmy Rowe once said that Boojum was the fastest horse he had ever trained. All of Boojum's sons and daughters have been runners.

HERE, for light summer reading, is the story of the lovely lady who had very remarkable luck the other afternoon, which a friend of hers insisted couldn't last. "I'll bet you a thousand dollars that you can't pick all the winners tomorrow," he said. The lady hesitated prettily, and then she said, "I'll bet you a thousand that not only will I pick eight winners but I'll have a bet on every one of them." Sure enough, after each race she came up with a two-dollar ticket on the winner. What the fellow who lost the bet didn't know was that she had had someone buy her a ticket on every horse in every race.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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Impenetrable underbrush
Has served to keep the peace secure . . .
Another world, in miniature.

—AL GRAHAM

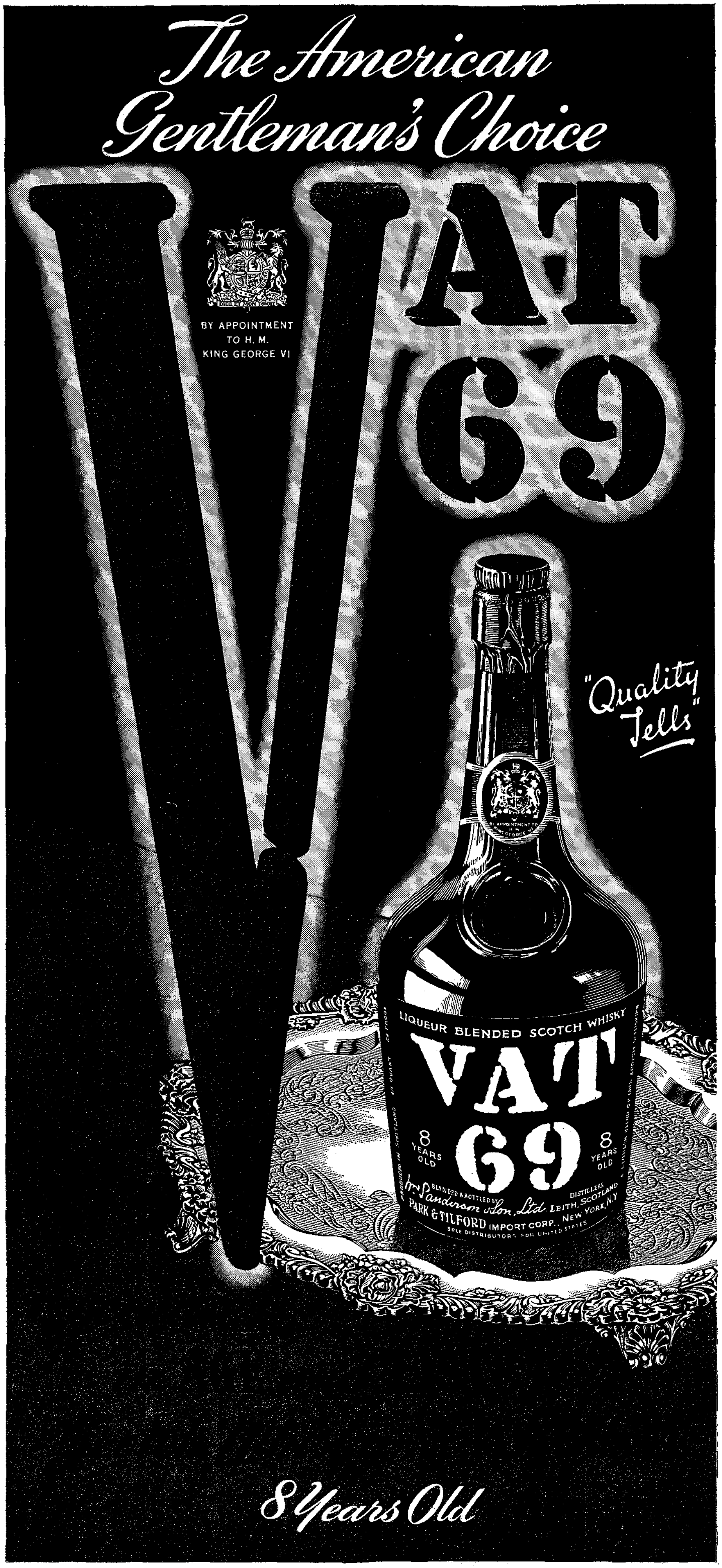
•

Q. Which is further by automobile, Los Angeles to San Francisco or Boston to Washington?

A. Belle Bennett, Ronald Colman and Lois Moran in the silent screening in 1925, and Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles and Anne Shirley in the 1937 version.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Thank you very much.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KNOW ABOUT THE
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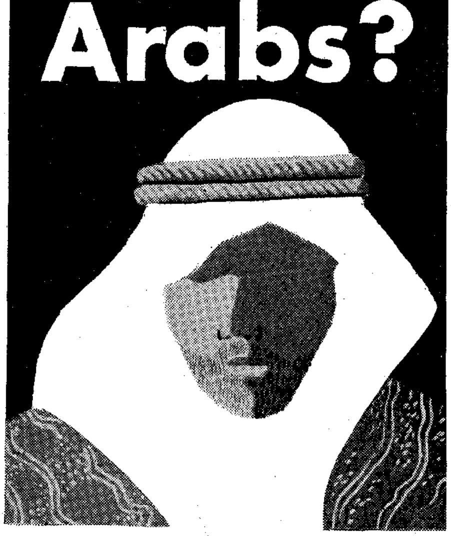

HOW MANY OF THESE
QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

1. What is the most widely read book ever written? (No, it's *not* the Bible!)
2. Among what people is suicide practically unknown?
3. What single numeral made the modern science of calculation possible?
4. If you saw a man pick up a piece of paper from the street and tuck it carefully into a hole in a wall, would you know why?
5. What name is given to more male children than any other in the world?
6. What alphabet, next to the Latin, is the most widely used system in the world?
7. Where is bread a luxury?
8. The people of what land have successfully resisted *all* invaders and have remained virtually the same throughout all recorded history?
9. What religion is the triumph of a language and a book?
10. What people contributed most to human progress in the Middle Ages?

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BOOKS

Just Right

THE short novel or extra-long short story (the distinction being academic) is a form which at one time was used extensively in Europe but which has been only meagrely exploited by Americans. The effect of our publishers' mania for overstuffed novels has been reinforced by what I conceive to be a general defect of our current fiction-writers—a basic lack of feeling for form.

This feeling, though complex, starts with something apparently quite simple—a feeling for length. Every piece of prose, and more markedly every narrative, has its optimum length. In truth, even so superficially formless an affair as a musical comedy has an optimum length, only partly conditioned by the suburban-train schedule. "Oklahoma!," which is a masterpiece, is so partly because it gives the sharp impression of being exactly the correct length; we feel it to be "just right."

Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the perfect narrative (which is not necessarily the "great" narrative) could not well be one page (ideally, one word) shorter or longer. Such stories as Flaubert's "St. Julian the Hospitaller" and "A Simple Heart," Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Henry James' "The Aspern Papers," Cather's "A Lost Lady," Mann's "Mario and the Magician," Wharton's "Ethan Frome" all give the reader a sense of perfect satisfaction, of completeness. This is so for many reasons but primarily, I think, because they are exactly the right length, because the writer has calculated the ideal dimensions of his narrative, as a good tennis player might judge the angle and velocity of a forehand drive.

The short novel is the severest test of the sense of length. That is why it is so unpopular, and why, among contemporary Americans, only Steinbeck, Cather, Wilder, Conrad Richter, and a very few others have succeeded with it. To this brief list we may now add Dorothy Baker, who will be remembered for her brilliant "Young Man with a Horn" of a few seasons back.

The theme of her new book, "Trio," is the struggle within the heart of a young girl between the attractions of a fresh and normal love and the tyrannous claims of a Lesbian attachment. This theme happens to bore me, but my prejudices are overcome by Miss Baker's superb craftsmanship. Between you and me, I do not in any serious way care whether Janet Logan chooses Ray MacKenzie or Pauline Maury, though Ray is, when not on his moral high horse, rather the pleasanter individual. But Miss Baker momentarily enchants me into caring.

I believe the stunning effect of the story is quite literally the result of calculation. Miss Baker, with rare tact, has worked out the proper length for her tale, the right number of characters, the harmonious ratio of dialogue to straight narration, the best possible adjustment of the varied velocities that govern the three sections comprising her story. The form of "Trio" is beautiful.

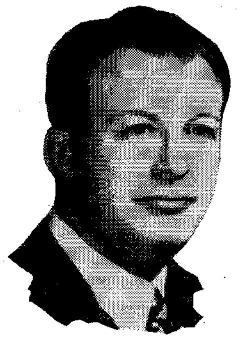
I should add that the theme is treated with perfect respect, cleanliness, and understanding, with not even a drop of sensationalism. The tensions that are born and grow among the three main characters are rendered with great control, and they lead inevitably to the violent climax, which in other hands might have been melodrama. An admirable book. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

DOCTORS AWEIGH, by Rear Admiral Charles M. Oman. The United States Navy Medical Corps in action from Pearl Harbor on, plus something of its history, the routine of its seagoing doctors and nurses, a number of its problems, from tick-bearing armadillos to aviation medicine, and other matters. Soundly and interestingly written, though the broad range of the subject makes the book hardly more than a full summary. Foreword by Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy. Photographs.

SECRET SOURCES, by Wythe Williams and William van Narvig. As a radio commentator and editor of *Greenwich Time*, a suburban Connecticut newspaper, Wythe Williams scored many news beats on European happenings between 1939 and 1942, largely through the ingenuity of his collaborator, William van Narvig,



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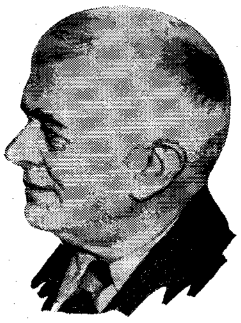
CLIFTON FADIMAN

READER #2
SINCLAIR LEWIS



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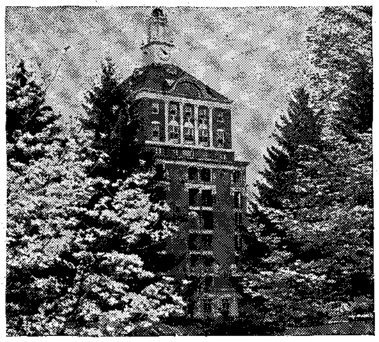

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who organized a small but efficient information service with listening posts at Berchtesgaden and other points in Germany. This book, mostly composed of the actual reports sent to Williams, tells how the trick was done. Readable and apparently credible enough.

Assignment to Nowhere, by Lowell Bennett. A personal, but not offensively personal, account of the North African landing and of that first, unsuccessful British-American push into Tunisia last November. The author is an International News Service correspondent who got well up into the front lines. Fluent impressionism and honestly critical on occasion, but the tone seems rather boyish.

Give Us a Little Smile, Baby, by Harry J. Coleman. Reminiscences of a veteran news photographer who started out as a sketch artist with Hearst's New York *American*, assisted at the birth of candid-news photography, and so on. Lots of dizzy events and some sporty characters in the Wilson Mizner tradition, with a slangy style to match. Amusing stuff. Photographs and drawings.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Colour Scheme, by Ngaio Marsh. Colonel and Mrs. Claire run a modest spa in northern New Zealand. The inmates are an odd lot, including a down-at-the-heels drunkard, a businessman who is a bounder, a Shakespearean actor, and the actor's secretary. One of the guests is murdered in a boiling mud pool which was originally used for health purposes. A superb novel, agreeably free of straight detection. Recommended without reservations.

Flower of the Gods, by Eden Phillpotts. Young Nicholas Gordon, journalist and horticulturist, takes a job with elderly Simon Parr, who has a passion for rare blooms and wants to write a book about them. When some seeds of a strange plant arrive from the Andes, a member of the Parr family is murdered. Fascinating reading for those who like to settle down with a book about a man whose servant has Inca blood in his veins.

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OPA DROPS PLANS
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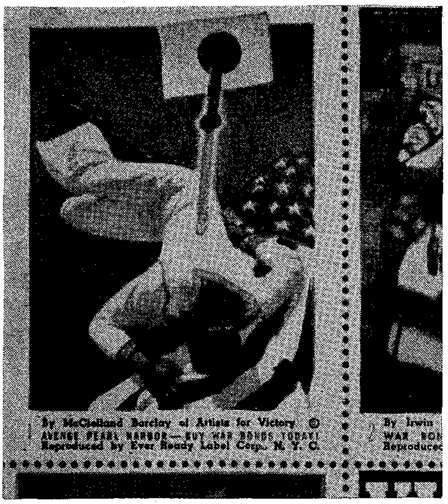
STENOGS' DRAWERS
—*Headline in the Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Sense of delicacy, perhaps.



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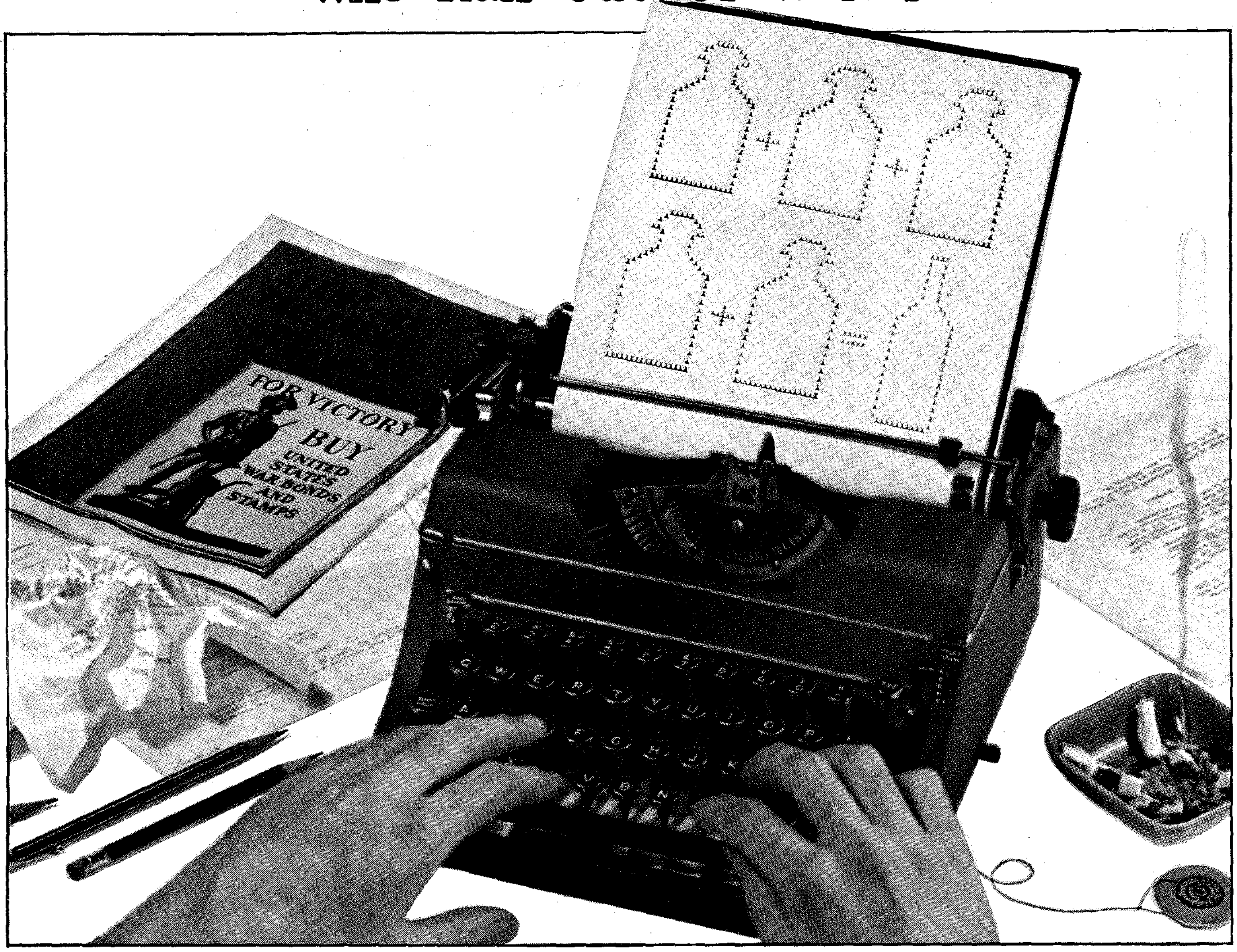
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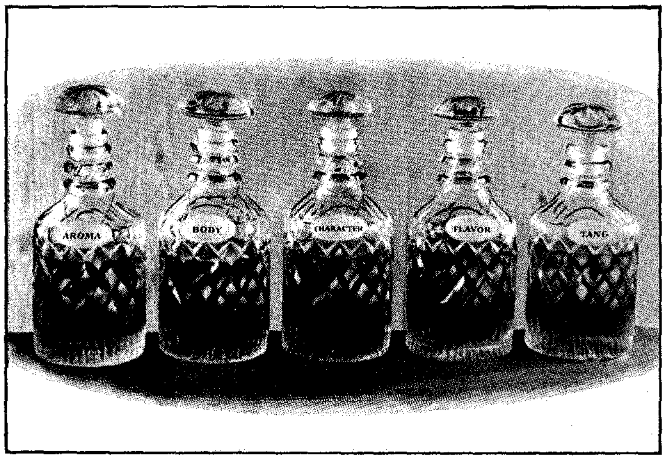
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HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR 50 YEARS
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Golden Wedding
FIVE GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ONE

2 Five great whiskies "wedded" into one—that's Golden Wedding—and each with a special virtue all its own. *Aroma . . . body . . . character . . . flavor* and *tang*. Subtly "wedded" together, all five become that glorious whiskey — Golden Wedding.

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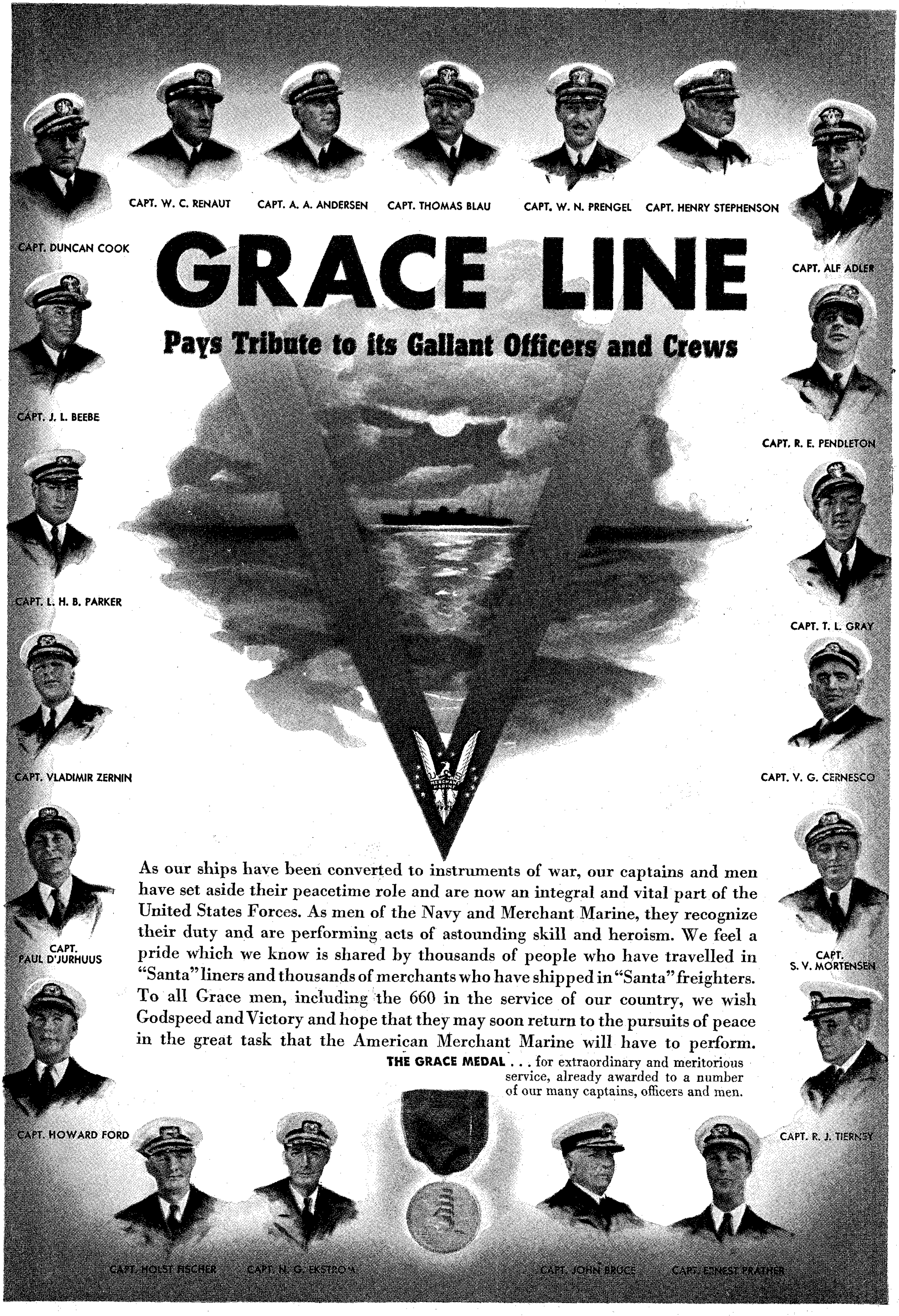
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